The Saturday Review of Literature

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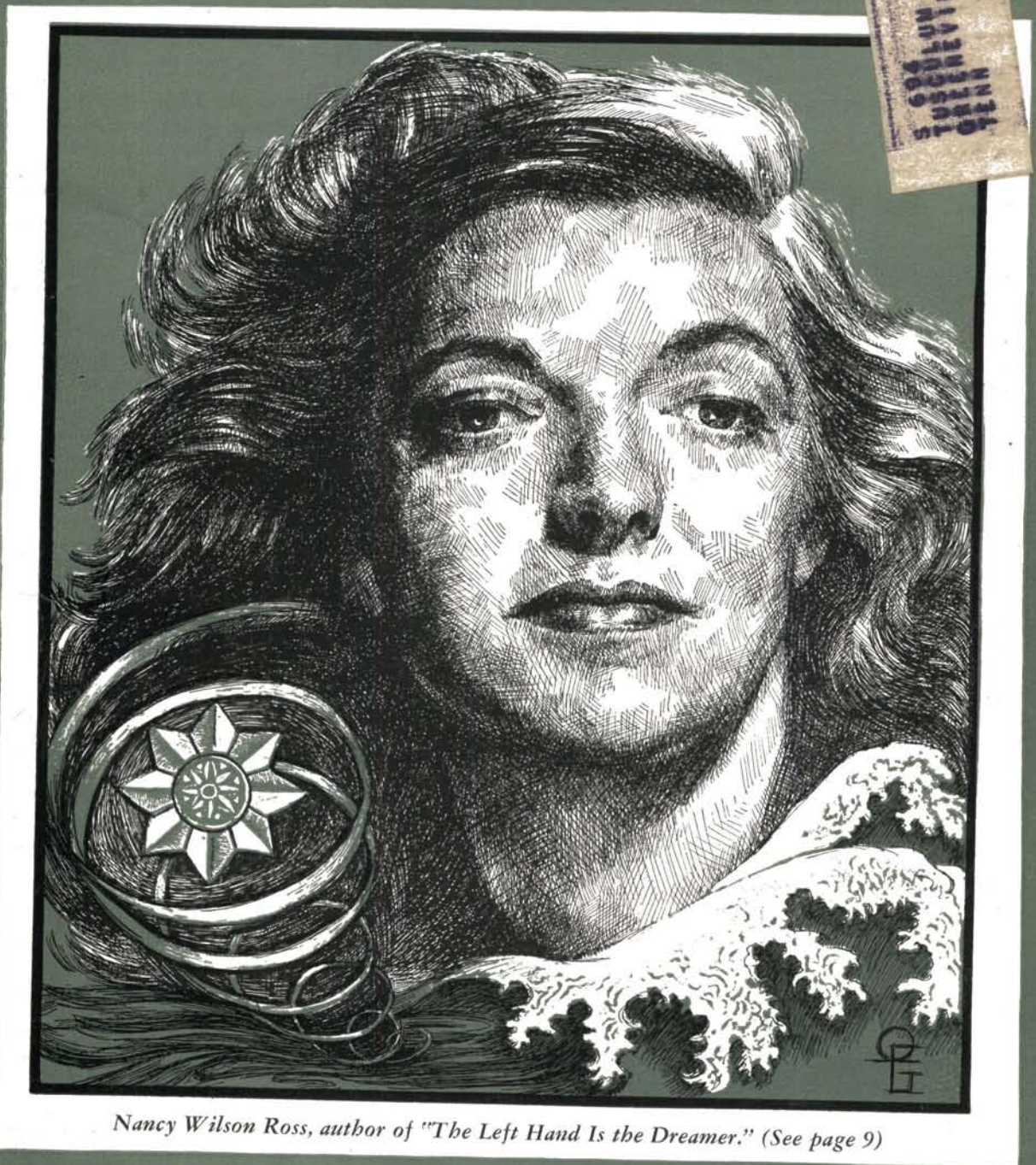

Nancy Wilson Ross, author of "The Left Hand Is the Dreamer." (See page 9)

The Coming Revolution in Adult Education

By MARK STARR

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February 8, 1947

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 6, February 8, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc. Registered United States Patent Office.

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TRADE Winds

THE BOOK BUSINESS IS occupying an increasing amount of the time of Dr. George Horace Gallup, poll expert and founder of the American Institute of Public Opinion. The People's Book Club learned the value of his pretesting of titles and plot outlines, and now several other publishing enterprises are seeking his services. I met him aboard the Twentieth Century Limited, where he attracted only slightly less attention than Jennifer Jones, who occupied a drawing room in the same car. We were bound for the Curtis Publishing Company convention, where Dr. Gallup was to outline the functions he proposed to perform for Bantam books. I found him an engaging, Willkie-esque figure, a youthful forty-six, confident of the value of his tests, but anxious to point out that they neither involved mysterious paraphernalia nor promised infallible results. "We have learned how to get a comprehensive cross-section of public reaction to political questions, radio programs, and motion pictures," he said. "The same technique can be applied to books. We can't find sure things for publishers—but we can, I think, save them from many of their costliest mistakes."

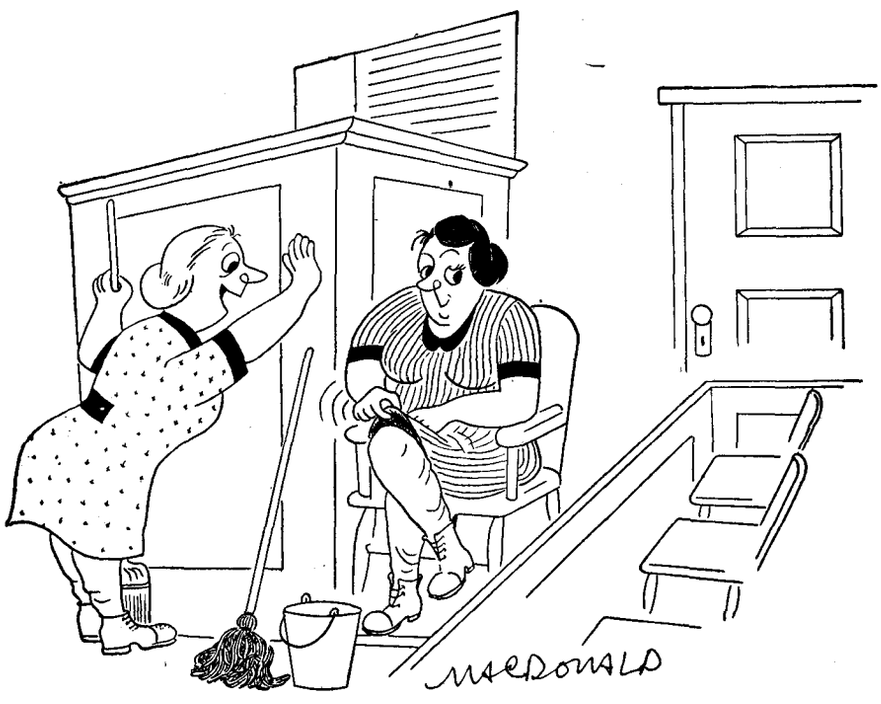
When his organization embarks upon a new survey, Dr. Gallup likes to join the field force himself. A Maine farmer once answered all his questions, then asked his name. When he heard it, he smiled knowingly. "Gallup, hey?" he said. "A relative, no doubt!" A Providence housewife demurred at telling him whether her vote would be cast for F.D.R. or Dewey. "Must I tell?" she inquired. "I thought you did this sort of thing with statistics." The prize answer was given by a subject who was asked, "Do you believe in the sterilization of the unfit?" "I certainly do," she announced firmly. "I believe *everybody* should be sterilized!"

There is no subject too intimate or too abstract for a gallant Gallup pollster to tackle. People are almost always flattered to know that their opinions actually are being solicited on anything—husbands seem particularly gratified—and they shed their inhibitions faster than the man in a car behind you blows his horn when the traffic light changes from red to green. Between three and four thousand guinea pigs are questioned on any given subject, and the results either transmitted to palpitating private enterprises or published in the hundred-odd papers where the Gallup column is considered one of the leading features. Talleyrand once said, "The only thing wiser than anybody is everybody." The AIPO has cashed in on that maxim.

Dr. Gallup's favorite story concerns the dowager who came to his Princeton home and demanded an explanation for the failure of the Gallup poll to ask her opinion on anything at all. The doctor explained that at the rate the questioning was done, it would take a hundred and fifty years to reach each citizen of the United States just once. When this failed to satisfy her, he added: "In other words, the mathematical chance of your being interviewed is about equal to your chance of being struck by lighting." The lady answered firmly, "I *have* been struck by lightning." . . .

RICHARD ROVERE'S series on the dubious but effective courtroom pyrotechnics of the old law firm of Howe and Hummel provoked more fan mail than any *New Yorker* profile of recent years. Now Farrar, Straus have commissioned the author to expand the material for publication in book form. . . . Word of mouth has made a richly deserved best seller of Isabel Bolton's "Do I Wake or Sleep" (Scribner). . . . Bestowal of the Nobel Prize for Literature upon Herman Hesse has prompted Henry Holt to reissue Hesse's novel "Steppenwolf," out of print for seventeen years. It is a study of a man of fifty who regards himself as half man, half wolf of the steppes. A review of the book in the *Boston Transcript* in 1929 reported that "every madness of the post-war era, every devilish vice and perversion, is mingled here in a witch's broth." Hesse himself sub-titled his novel "For Madmen Only." Can Sumner be far behind? . . . My eagle-eyed neighbor, Lisle Bell, takes the jacket blurb writer for "Drawing Room Only" to task for saying that Garrett Price "never draws animals—or hardly ever." "Flipping through the pages," chides Bell, "I see fourteen dogs, nine horses, five cats, a lion, a bear, a cow, a bull, and a rhinoceros, not to mention a stuffed squirrel, mounted moose heads, or a skeleton group of prehistoric monsters. Let's not purzoo the subject." I'll purzoo it far enough to say that "Drawing Room Only" is one of the funniest and most original cartoon albums I've seen in many a day. I particularly liked the picture of the battered and about-to-be-knocked-out pugilist who, between rounds, gasped to his second, "If I had that right hook of his I'd murder him." . . .

THE FILM VERSION of André Malraux's "Man's Hope," produced and directed by himself in Barcelona in 1938, has been brought to America at last by Lopert Films. It is a striking example of what human ingenuity, talent, and faith can accomplish despite



"I object!"

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staggering technical handicaps—just as the Spanish War it depicts was a never-to-be-forgotten battle by unequipped millions against the modern armor of the Nazis and Mussolini. "Man's Hope" was made between bombing raids by men who were fighting for their lives. Production was halted time and again when the city's electric current was cut off. Intermittent gunfire can be heard distinctly in several sequences. Malraux worked like a man possessed when the supplies of raw film came through and there was a lull in the fighting. His picture is a grim and disquieting reminder of the enslavement of a brave people—which still goes on and which we still tolerate. Most memorable episode: an old man setting out to climb a rugged mountain to watch volunteers bring down the bodies of Loyalist aviators killed in a desperate sortie against odds of 100 to one. "What can you do for dead men?" asks a scornful neighbor. The old man answers simply, "I can give them my thanks." . . .

OMNIBOOK HAS ACQUIRED screen rights to three of its recent condensations: "All the King's Men," by Robert Penn Warren, "New Orleans Woman," by Harnett Kane, and "The Salem Frigate," by John Jennings. Maxwell Geffen, head of *Omnibook*, says that in disposing of these rights he will be influenced "more by plans for a faithful screen dramatization than by large initial payments." He feels that eight years of choosing potentially popular novels from the hundreds of sets of galleys submitted by publishers have given the *Omnibook* organization a "unique insight into the qualities which make a book a best seller." *Omnibook* will go 50-50 with the authors after the initial purchase prices are recouped. . . .

HERBERT MAYES, brilliant editor of *Good Housekeeping,* with more fight victories under his belt than Joe Louis, writes feelingly about the handwriting of famous authors:

> Before the typewriter was invented, manuscripts were literally manuscripts, which means, of course, written by hand. The life of an editor must have been wretched, because many of the best-educated people wrote illegibly. Printers refused to work with Balzac's copy more than an hour at a time. Hawthorne's writing was almost undecipherable. Byron's was a mere scrawl. Of Carlyle someone said, "Eccentric and spiteful little flourishes dart about his manuscript in various odd ways, sometimes evidently intended as a cross to a *t*, but constantly recoiling in absurd fashion, as if attempting a calligraphical somersault, and destroying the entire word from which

they sprung. Some letters slope in one way and some another, some are halt, maimed, and crippled, and all are blind." Sydney Smith said of his own writing that it was "as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an ink-bottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs." Montaigne and Napoleon frequently couldn't read their own writing. One of the worst offenders, we are ashamed to say, was an editor—Horace Greeley. A typesetter, seeing his copy for the first time, exclaimed, "Good God! If Belshazzar had seen this writing on the wall, he would have been even more terrified." Greeley once wrote this note: "I have waited till longer waiting would be discourteous, only to find that I cannot attend your press meeting next June as I would like to do. I find so many cares and duties pressing on me that, with the weight of years, I feel obliged to decline any invitation that takes me away a day's journey from home. Sincerely, Horace Greeley." After studying this for some time, the best the recipients could do was this: "I have wondered all along whether any squirt had denied the scandal about the President meeting Jane in the woods on Saturday. I have hominy, carrots, and R.R. ties more than I could move with eight steers. If eels are blighted, dig them early. Any insinuation that brick ovens are dangerous to hams gives me the horrors. Greeley." . . .

WHILE PAUL DRAPER was executing one of his facile dance routines the other evening, his co-star, Larry Adler, came up with a new "shaggy dog" story. This one features two cockroaches, the first of whom launched into a dissertation on a kitchen he had inspected in a new house. "It was immaculate, germ proof, and wonderful," he reported. "Everything was gleaming white and chromium. The dishes and pans were beautiful. I crawled into the new Frigidaire. Every scrap of food was wrapped in crisp cellophane." "Stop! Have a heart!" groaned the other cockroach. "Can't you see I'm eating my dinner?"

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

SINCE I slipped in what most of you refer to as "my plaintive plea," I have received enough mail to form a sizable fan club, complete with grandstand where those who are adversely inclined can wave their pens and shout "take the bum out!" For my own reasons as well as for courtesy's sake I wish I could answer all your letters personally. Unfortunately this column is the least time-consuming of my duties with Doubleday; I would have to answer several letters every day (I've written my folks twice in the last year); I have no secretary; and that sort of thing.

So I will try right now to answer a few general criticisms. First of all, a lot of you object to advertising. Personally I'm tickled that you do. It can be a vicious thing, treating us like the buying imbeciles it knows we are. *Sure* this is an advertising column. But you will notice that out of roughly 200 books we publish each year, I write about only fifty. Naturally, of those fifty, I prefer certain ones to the others. And when I really go all out for a book, like **War Is No Damn Good!** you readers can tell easy enough. But let me assure you that I am under no pressure here to write about books I do not like—they don't say to me, "here, you're going to write about ——— this week." Naturally some of you will despise some of the books I write about, and many of you, alas, will never enter a bookstore and buy them. I am tempted in this connection to use the words of a hair-soap salesman I am fascinated by, during some lunch hours when he says, "look folks, I've given you forty-fy minutes of my time, the least you can do is to try this soap and see for yourselves."

No, there is only one book I feel I have the duty to say that about, and that's **War Is No Damn Good!** by ROBERT OSBORN. As a favor to the tailor who has to take the shine out of my pants because I sit here, go out and buy that book. Go out and buy it and look at it and think about the things it says in pictures. Cut out the cartoons you like and hang them in your bathroom. Give the rest to Junior and let him draw mustaches on them. I don't care if you use some to line the bottom of the canary cage. Just buy the book and then *think.* Thanks fans.

paul

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

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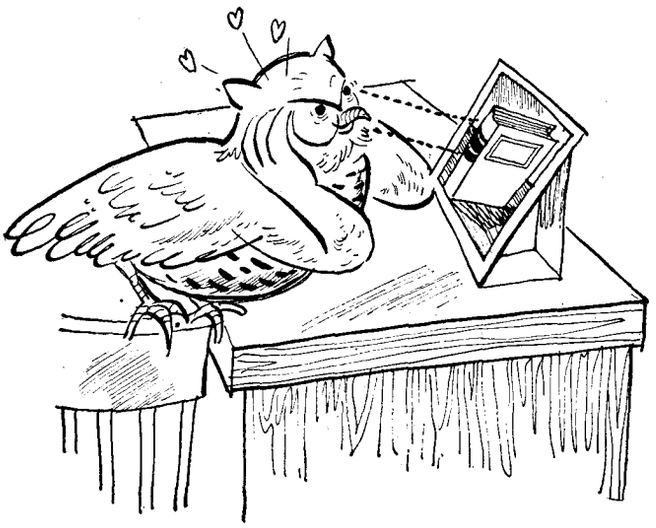
The trouble with people in publishing...



"I HAVE a small volume . . ." is a statement which, in repetition, has created a complete editorial branch in every modern and well-organized publishing house. In our case the branch is one person whom we fondly call a first reader and who, with assistants, clears a great pile of loving chaff from our offices each day. The always too few manuscripts which have a special quality that may one day result in the remarkable and private thing which is a book, are somehow gathered in one place and organized by these remarkable people. That precious entity, "a small volume", is catalogued and read and thought about and watched over much the way a neighbor's child from down the street would be taken care of for an afternoon. The cases of adoption, of course, are the ones in which everyone is interested, but it's the long, meticulous, dull, and absorbing process of first readings which ultimately results in most of these.

And each time we look at our first reader, who happens to be young and personable and thoroughly absorbed in her job, we think of the terrible truth of a statement we never have forgotten, by a man we met just once. This man (who made his living in an allied field) looked at us quietly and bitterly and said, "the trouble with people in publishing is that all the buzzards love books."

Considering that, we asked our first reader to tell us how she felt about first readings. When she had finished, we were impressed all over again by the amount of detail and routine which results from these great stacks of "unsolicited manuscripts" which arrive each day, but we were also aware, from the glint in her eye and the racing enthusiasm of her voice, that here was another dead pigeon. Just one more incurable who loves it. And so we lit some cigarettes and talked as happily as people who have shared the same operation.

Aside from straight-forward, mechanical routine which consists of fancy double entry bookkeeping the minute a manuscript arrives, and the careful page by page reading which follows, our first reader keeps up a lively correspondence with would-be authors and their agents. She produced a batch of letters typical of the sort of "manuscript follows" letter she receives each day, and from them we extracted a few quotes. The perennial "Are you folks in the publishing business? I have a small volume . . ." tops the list. But there are other items to call forth emotions we doubt if Shakespeare or Benchley ever thought of. One from a mid-west high school student starts off "Would you like the honor of printing my book when I get it written. I have a fourth and fifteenth chapter written now on my marriages and on my death." Another begins "Will you please send me some information on writing a fiction book and would you accept such a book when it is finished."

These letters all are answered as hopefully and as helpfully as possible, and our first reader goes on to those manuscripts which are already born and packaged and waiting, like the birthday present from a distant relative you never met.

Very obviously every script is not a find. But just as obviously each has the promise of the unknown. And when, occasionally, our first reader finds one which holds the makings of a book, she is apt to go galloping around to the office of the editor who "ought to see it first" with the impetuous wonder of a person falling down stairs. (Part of the routine is a weekly cumulative manuscript list which goes to each editor, but when you have a "book" you don't wait for that.)

On the other hand, our first reader has had experiences which illustrate some of the tricks which are purported to go with every trade. In a certain manuscript, for example, she noted that p. 99 was upside down. Recalling what a friend had said, that authors will try all sorts of stunts to reassure themselves of "thorough and careful consideration", she read p. 99 and replaced it upside down. Since it was not a successful script, a rejection letter was duly written and the manuscript returned, followed shortly by an irate letter from the author who accused our reader of leaving the script untouched. We regret to say it was with something like glee that she wrote back inquiring sweetly if p. 99 was bothering him.

That, we think, can be forgiven. But we wish, somehow, that every person who has or intends to submit a manuscript to a publisher would do so with the assurance that the job of manuscript reading is an important one, that every manuscript is read, and that every publisher in the business is just as anxious to find a man or woman who can write as that man or woman is to be found. Furthermore, we at Henry Holt and Company do not believe in the little, colored rejection slip, but we do believe that a thoughtful letter sent back with a script that doesn't quite make the grade can do a lot toward the making of a better writer. That's the kind of letter we try to write. Of course, the trouble with us is that we love books.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Coming Revolution in Adult Education

MARK STARR

So far there has been no new millennial religion sweeping through the world. We have experienced neither the mass hypnosis seen in the Crusades of the Middle Ages nor the terror of the olden days caused by a new comet or a Black Death epidemic. The passionate intelligence which our plight should have aroused is still absent. We are still suffering from complicated hangovers of nationalist tribal prejudice. Our neophobics run rampant. We badly need the dynamite of new ideas and a new kind of education to break the present log jam.

Thus the problem of mental reconversion to a fundamentally changed world presents us with a harder problem than industrial reconversion. And because most of us have sacrificed and suffered very little in comparison to others, our job here in the United States is all the more difficult.

We must decide, as Archibald MacLeish put it, "whether we are going to be citizens, or subjects wandering in the dark corridors of the ant-heap state." The criterion of adult education might well be the creation of a vital citizenship which would think of service rather than profit and which would not rate citizens by the size of their bank accounts. Civic obligations should not be proposed for striking workers only. Loyalties should expand beyond tribal frontiers.

Meanwhile, adult education of a new, vigorous, imaginative sort, hitherto sadly lacking, shouts for application. In Britain the Army Bureau of Current Affairs has been converted for civilian purposes into the Bureau of Current Affairs. Enjoying top-flight educational leadership and adequate financing, BCA has carried over into civilian life the wall maps, the exhibits, the pamphlets, and the discussion classes which contributed so notably to the social intelligence of the British armed forces. And this supplements the widespread activities of the British Workers Education Association, the National Council of Labor Colleges, and the extra-mural work of the universities. Here even our educators despair before what they allege to be the fixity of human nature. No one, of course, proposes to repeal human nature, but the belief that you can educate it is the basis of the democratic ideal which presumes that every individual can be shown.

The United States Education Mission, sent to Japan in the spring of 1946 at the request of General Douglas MacArthur, has recommended adult education using "effectively the technics of forum and discussion." There is no reason why we, as the fated doctors for Japan, cannot take a dose of our own medicine if we need it—as we do.

The tragic misuse of our mass media in the United States should not prevent us from realizing that they can be used for other purposes. We have to make mankind understand that we cannot have war *and* freedom. We have to avoid appeasement of totalitarianism, both red and black, and to slap down the dangerous madness which preaches an immediate "preventive war" against Soviet Russia.

Once upon a time adult education was largely confined to naturalization for citizenship, and to removing illiteracy. Now our task has widened to destroying social illiteracy in the widest meaning of that term. For example, beneath all the economic treaties, behind the plans which were made for the distribution of food through UNRRA, behind the international organization of the United Nations which will be necessary to perpetuate the peace, and behind all the hopes for outlawing aggressive war, there must be a recognition on the part of the majority of our fellow citizens that we can go forward only through cooperation with other peoples. This cooperation is indispensable to our individual and personal well-being as well as to the future progress of our community, our state, and our nation. Otherwise, we can expect continuing storms of imperialist rivalries, nationalist egotisms, and racial hates. What we want is neither America, Britain, nor Soviet Firsters but human beings first, exercising their democratic rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness and given priority as such. Jefferson wrote in 1816: "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be." In the urgency of the atomic age, he would write: "If the *world* expects to remain ignorant, *alive*, and free . . ."

WHETHER or not the various attempts by opinion polls to measure our social illiteracy are true in every detail, the task of public enlightenment must be attempted in every form by which knowledge is transmitted, through the printed word, the spoken word, the movies, the radio, the newspapers, the magazines, and, last but not least, through the efforts of adult education by way of classes, forums, and discussions.

Our lack of social intelligence hampers progress and creates confusion. Our whole social life is hampered by the living fossils, the accumulated mental obsolescence, the outmoded patterns of our social thinking. We acquire more and more facts but lack the loom of social intelligence to weave them into a consistent pattern. We are only beginning to understand human nature through the development of mental hygiene and social psychoanalysis. It is no wonder, in Thoreau's

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phrase, that many men and women live lives of quiet desperation; that frustration and waste abound; that these frustrations create anti-social types—racists, bigots, Coughlinites, and Ku Kluxers. Many of us are in such jobs that our life begins only when our professional activity ends. We suffer from spectatoritis. We seek escape in the unrealities of Hollywood movies.

To judge by recent best sellers in the book list, history pepped up by erotic excess, bloody murder, and crimes of violence, madhouse reminiscence, and ruminations of bartenders seem necessary as a compensation to our milquetoast moderns for something which their normal life seems to lack.

The movies, the radio, and the press are the current mass media which create public opinion. We get the flash-wit wisdom of omniscient radio commentators supplemented by the dogmatic opinion of columnists who too often proceed from a medley of misinformation to an unwarranted conclusion. The tabloids of our great cities make millions by sniffing around the social garbage cans to get the latest salacious gossip about divorce scandals and by playing up sensational crime stories.

Our female population particularly is malnourished on the foolish bubbles of soap opera, which takes up the greater portion of the time of two of our great national radio chains. Even our language is greatly influenced by the singing commercials and the gags of the advertisers. The failure of the radio industry to make its performance of a public service come near to its promise has been recently exposed in a Federal Communications Commission report. Commercial programs have ousted many sustaining programs. Sponsors demand programs which will offend no one, so innocuity becomes the supreme virtue. No wonder the FCC—despite the protests of the National Association of Broadcasters based upon a perversion of the First Amendment denying the abridgement of free speech—asked three hundred radio stations to submit their daily logs to official scrutiny.

Fortunately, there are signs of protest against the misuse of what is potentially the greatest educational agency at our disposal. (The reader is referred to Charles A. Siepman's "Radio's Second Chance"; the protests made by Dr. Harlow Shapley, Norman Rosten, and others; the analyses of soap operas of Dr. Rudolf Arnheim, Dr. Herta Herzog, and Dr. Louis Berg, as summarized in *Fortune* (March 1946) under the suggestive sub-heading "Do They Drive Them Crazy?," and, most recently, a novel, "The Hucksters," by Frederic Wakeman.) Labor unions and listener-cooperative and educational groups are organizing their resources to secure Frequency Modulation licenses and to persuade the broadcasters to improve their programs.

HOWEVER, if we seek to develop education for democracy, there are many fields of operation for increased adult education. Here only three are emphasized: (1) the revision of our ideas concerning the place of government action in public life and a better knowledge of how local, state, and Federal agencies work; (2) the necessity for international understanding; and (3) the new and special field of education in industrial relationships. Here we have the range from our lives as individuals in our homes and our workshops all the way to a global world and humanity itself.

Before considering these new fields, however, we should not forget the practical difficulties which adult education still faces. There is the problem of treating minority opinion, and also difficulties arising in the discussion of controversial topics. There is the general lack of recognition of adult education, which means that there is as yet no adequate financial support. In my opinion, Federal aid is the only way in which adult education will be adequately supported —with provision, of course, for decentralized planning and control on city and state levels—so that adult education should make possible education co-terminous with life.

Whenever we have cared enough about some particular form of education or needed it in a hurry, we

(*Continued on page* 30)

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

FAMOUS DATES IN LITERATURE

This week's quiz, suggested by Arthur Price, of Berkeley, California, consists of 20 poetical quotations which are associated with definite dates. Allowing 5 points for each quotation you can identify and a bonus of 5 points if you can place the date within one year, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 30.

1. O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
2. Now's the day, and now's the hour:
   See the front of battle lour.
3. Like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
   Out came the children running.
4. "Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
   Made way for Liberty, and died.
5. The words leapt like a leaping sword:
   "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"
6. He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
   Looked at each other with a wild surmise.
7. A band of exiles moored their bark
   On the wild New England shore.
8. "But everybody said," quoth he,
   "That 'twas a famous victory."
9. That was all; and yet, through the gloom and the light,
   The fate of a nation was riding that night.
10. The boy stood on the burning deck,
    Whence all but him had fled.
11. "I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
    Smiling the boy fell dead.
12. O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
    What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
13. On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
    No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet.
14. One of the few, the immortal names,
    That were not born to die.
15. Their's not to reason why,
    Their's but to do and die.
16. First a shiver, and then a thrill,
    Then something decidedly like a spill.
17. All day long through Frederick street
    Sounded the tread of marching feet.
18. The tattered standards of the South
    Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth.
19. Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath
    He dash'd down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas.
20. It is some dream that on the deck
    You've fallen cold and dead.

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Ambidextrous Novel

THE LEFT HAND IS THE DREAMER. By Nancy Wilson Ross. New York: William Sloane Associates, Inc. 1947. 390 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

AUNT PALM, a delicate-boned, falcon-hearted, detached, and iconoclastic old lady with whom I have recently fallen in love, once remarked to her daughter-in-law, the protagonist of this novel, that Da Vinci must have painted his enigmatic St. John with his left hand. "The right hand is the doer, the left hand the dreamer. The St. John was painted out of something Leonardo knew, but dared not say too openly." When Fredericka asked what things dare not be said, Aunt Palm replied, with crystalline bitterness: "Almost nothing real, lasting, strange, or true dare be uttered in all one's life."

Whatever her natural dexterousness, Nancy Wilson Ross clearly wrote this book with both hands. Like the St. John, it was created out of something she knew, but, unlike the evasive Leonardo, has dared to say openly. The bones of this book are old and worn, rubbed smooth by the hands, generally the left, of writers for the most part too lazy, timid, or ignorant to explore the theme beyond its romantic or erotic boundaries. The essential, progenitive theme of "The Left Hand Is the Dreamer" cast a spell over our childhood as the story of The Sleeping Beauty. Translated into a more recognizable world, it becomes the angular pattern of the wistful woman, drowsing in the emotional indolence of a conventional marriage, who is roused from her hibernation by the kiss of Prince Charming.

I have been deliberately cavalier in my attitude toward the basic plot of this novel because it has been so frequently degraded by writers of the aspirin school, and because I am so impressed by what Nancy Ross has done to vitalize this polished skeleton, to give it dignity and significance, along with the firm, fine flesh of her prose.

It is composed and sensitive, at times opalescent, and despite its poise and assurance, manages to carry a disturbing undercurrent of urgency and warning as the sound of men marching in the street might enter, faintly, a room where music was played.

Except for the excrescent detail of her life, Fredericka will be no stranger to many of you. She is the woman you notice suddenly staring off into space at the cocktail party in the house in the country; the attractive, well-bred, well-groomed woman who knows what to say when she meets you, but isn't quite sure why she is saying it—the woman Nancy Ross has called Fredericka Perry.

Because of her mother's plaintive illness, Fredericka had gone as a child to live with her wonderful Aunt Palm. Aunt Palm's clear, hard eye, the eye of an esthetic hawk, swept over all creation, translating it into terms of beauty and truth, and Fredericka grew to watch Aunt Palm, for signals to live by. When she went to the nearby up-state college at Attica Center, Fredericka met a stormy young medical student who loved her and scared her nearly out of her wits. The strong wind of his wooing tossed her into the vacuum of marriage with her cousin Christopher, Aunt Palm's commonplace son. The recent war found Fredericka in her early thirties, bored and secure, with two handsome adolescent children toward whom she had long ceased to feel umbilical, and a husband she accepted as she accepted the weather. When her husband joined up with a not-too-perilous branch of the service, Aunt Palm said to Fredericka: "Christopher wants to escape. . . . He's bored. The war means nothing to him, but escape does." Then Aunt Palm, in one of her piercing, seeming irrelevancies, said calmly: "The truth is, the old nag is dead. . . . Trot, trot to Boston to buy a loaf of bread. . . ." Restless and disoriented, she decided to go back to the college at Attica Center and work at her neglected painting, perhaps dust off her mind with a course in World History. It was in the history class that she first saw Franz Allers. He stood on the platform, facing his indifferent class, a worn, ravaged man, deep in *Weltschmerz*, far from and still agonizingly close to the Vienna where his wife had been murdered by the Gestapo. Franz Allers had seen a world die around him and had wanted bitterly to die with it. The climate of chaos was still around him, and, standing quietly before his innocent, ignorant audience, he strove for the limitless perspective of truth; as much to sustain his spiritual convalescence as to bring some light into the room. Through Franz Allers, Fredericka began to come alive, to deepen her shallows, and to enter upon her ordeal.

I have left many things for you to find for yourself in this novel. Aunt Palm has my heart, as I have told you. She is aged brandy, filling the book with her *bouquet*, and I could not forbear giving you a taste. The other characterizations, with one disturbing exception, are excellent and sure, boldly painted with the author's right hand. Uncle Philander, an engaging eccentric, a man of magnificent pettinesses and quiet integrities, is, I suppose, pure *lagniappe*, but I see no reason why that amiable New Orleans custom should not be applied to books. It is Franz Allers who disturbs me. Because he is both character and symbol, catalyst, Cassandra, thought against thoughtlessness, lover, and man, he has been given almost too much courage and wisdom for one man to carry. But there is so much here that is real, lasting, and true that, to paraphrase Aunt Palm, the perfection of Franz Allers may be taken as the one strange thing.

THE AUTHOR: Nancy Wilson Ross is a native of Olympia, Washington, who has traveled far, thought much, and written well. She came to New York at twenty and left it for Germany, where she studied at the Bauhaus, the school of modern art which Hitler closed for being "dangerously international." Back in America she wrote magazine articles about the rising menace of National Socialism and found her countrywomen as apathetic and as insulated as were most of her countrymen. She went to Mexico and the Orient, then four times crossed the United States in a trailer. From these interstate treks two non-fiction books resulted. "Farthest Reach, Oregon and Washington" (1942), and "Westward the Women" (1944). There resulted also a conviction that geographical conquest is only a symbol of the pioneering which America must do on the continent of the mind, where as yet only a few shore settlements have been made. In her fiction Miss Ross is striking into the forest. There is a previous novel, "Take the Lightning" (1940), and another is in progress. During the war Miss Ross did the Navy's official book on "The Waves." She is married to Stanley Young, the playwright, and lives at Old Westbury, Long Island. There she has her collection of art from China and Japan, her favorite contemporary painting and sculpture. There she writes, cooks, and thinks.

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The Bittersweet of Genius

THE LETTERS AND PRIVATE PAPERS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, VOL. III & IV. Collected and edited by Gordon N. Ray. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1946. *Vol. III* 684 *pp. Vol. IV* 459 *pp.* $12.50.

THE SHOWMAN OF VANITY FAIR. By Lionel Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 393 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GORDON S. HAIGHT

THACKERAY'S injunction to his daughter against any biography has been attributed to reticence about his insane wife, fear of scandal over his relations with the Brookfields, and various other causes. With the publication of Gordon N. Ray's "The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray," of which volumes III and IV have just appeared, a more plausible reason may be advanced. His life was already written in his novels; there in half a dozen heroes he had drawn himself, his follies and griefs, his kindness and generosity, his implacable hatreds. His mother, his stepfather, his invalid wife, his horrible mother-in-law had been studied in detail. Naturally he shrank from the inevitable comparisons that would be made.

His letters written from America while lecturing on the English Humorists echo the constant refrain of how difficult it is for literary men to keep their honesty. "We are all actors more or less," he wrote. His discontent was perhaps increased by the realization that he was as cold-blooded a mountebank as Laurence Sterne, whose hypocrisy he castigated so profitably and so unfairly:

> A perilous trade, indeed, is that of a man who has to bring his tears and laughter, his recollections, his personal griefs and joys, his private thoughts and feelings to market, to write them on paper, and sell them for money. Does he exaggerate his grief so as to get his reader's pity for a false sensibility—feign indignation so as to establish a character for virtue? . . . appeal to the gallery gods with claptraps and vulgar baits to catch applause? Where did the lie begin, and did he know where? and where did the truth end in the art and scheme of this man of genius, this actor, this quack?

In Thackeray's case the answers to such questions can be found in Mr. Ray's superb edition of the "Letters," which read like a new novel added to the works. All the humor, the tender sentiment quenched in cynicism, the sympathy and the invincible snobbery, the easy generosity and preoccupation with money—all the contradictory phases of Thackeray's complex character are poured out in the unpremeditated style that is his greatest gift. For many readers the truth will be more interesting than the fiction.

In the new volumes his observations provide a lively sidelight on America a century ago. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia pleasantly surprised him: "I didn't expect to find half so many agreeable people, or well-bred ladies and gentlemen as I have found. It is naturalness which is the great charm after all: and that best of good-breeding is as plenty here as with us." Everywhere he was overwhelmed with hospitality, until he said that it was not the lecturing that was hard, it was the eating. Though prepared for the shock by Dickens and Mrs. Trollope, he shuddered at the crudity of American manners: "O you knife swallowers — O you bl-w-rs-of n-s-s-in f-ng-rs!" The comments on slavery are prescient. Looking beyond the shallow sentimentalism of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which he steadfastly declined to read, he rightly saw that the basis of racial antagonism was economic. As long as it was profitable, the slaves would be, on the whole, well treated; but

> when white labor begins to undersell them at cotton & sugar work, then the "beautiful relation betwixt owner & servant" will pretty soon come to an end. O it will be a terrible day when 5 or 6 millions of these blacks will have to perish and give place to the white man wanting work. But there's a long day for that yet; the West has to be filled ere the white man's hand turns against the black man,—after your time & mine, after England's perhaps, in ½ a dozen generations when this the Great Empire of the world numbers 120 millions of citizens (and *esses*), at least when our old Europe is worn out, who knows whether the Great Republic may not colonize with its Negroes the vacant British Isles?

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Thackeray's letters "echo the constant refrain of how difficult it is for literary men to keep their honesty."

Part of Thackeray's desire to come to America can be traced to misery over the collapse of his friendship with Mrs. Brookfield, which had deprived his life for a second time of its emotional focus. In the effort to forget he deliberately cultivated a sentimental affection for Sally Baxter, a beautiful girl whom he met in New York. The young lady may well have been perplexed when Thackeray, more than twice her age, wrote that he had put two letters in the fire yesterday, "two very long fond sentimental letters. . . . My heart was longing and yearning after you full of love and gratitude for your welcome of me—but the words grew a little too warm." He hints that he would gladly return from Boston for Christmas with the Baxter family. "Say, 'if you approve and honor the proposal!'" he adds, quoting from his lecture Sterne's proposal to marry Eliza after his wife should die. "Approve and honor the proposal!" the lecture continues. "The coward was writing gay letters to his friends this while, with sneering allusions to this poor foolish *Bramine*." But Thackeray too had written his mother just the day before his letters to Sally seemed too warm:

> I have been actually in love for 3 days with a pretty wild girl of 19 (and was never more delighted in my life than by discovering that I could have this malady over again) and am sure that my own peace of mind is immensely increased by leaving Europe. When I began to write Esmond how miserable I was! I can contemplate that grief now and put it into a book; and the end of my flirtation with Miss Sally Baxter here is that I have got a new character for a novel—though to be sure she is astoundingly like Beatrix.

From her he drew Ethel Newcome, but the calculating method of studying her makes the denunciations of Sterne sound rather hollow.

No further examples are needed to indicate the immense debt all future biographers will owe to Mr. Ray's work. With scrupulous accuracy he combines a distinguished style and a delightful sense of humor that often make the notes as interesting as the letters themselves. These four magnificently printed volumes have already assumed their place as a landmark of Victorian scholarship. They augur well for the biography of Thackeray that Mr. Ray plans.

Meanwhile, of course, others will try their hands. Mr. Lionel Steven-

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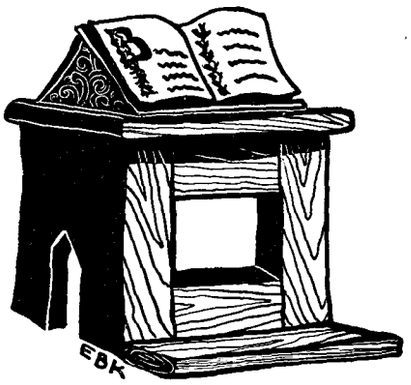
son has just published one entitled "The Showman of Vanity Fair." Neither the title nor the flamboyant Maclise drawing on the dust jacket of Thackeray as a young dandy quite represents the book, which is more honestly described in the subtitle, "The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray." It is a plain and direct account based on the available printed material, including the first volumes of Mr. Ray's "Letters," of which so much use has been made that a word of acknowledgment would have seemed gracious. The only credit given is for permission to reprint the Thackeray drawings, among which appear several of doubtful authenticity from the 1875 "Thackerayana." The story is told with commendable restraint, episodes that would lend themselves to sensational treatment being kept in due proportion. Though fiction sometimes pushes biography aside, as in the description of Thackeray's first meeting with Dickens, of which little is actually known, Mr. Stevenson usually sticks close to the facts. If he has added nothing new, he has written a readable and generally reliable account of a fascinating life.

For critical comment on the novels, which must be an important part of the definitive biography, the narrative rarely pauses, and some of the opinions that are ventured seem rather startling. How many will agree that "The Virginians" is actually more pleasantly readable than "Henry Esmond"? There will be some dissent too from the Freudian hypothesis that "the abnormal sensitiveness that drove Thackeray to avoid public recognition and seek refuge in fictitious personalities was an inevitable result" of his broken nose. Dozens of other men with unbroken noses were writing under similar pseudonyms in the 1840's; and, as the "Letters" show, none strove harder than Thackeray for public recognition. A better case could be made for the theory that "the killing of Osborne and the eventual marriage of Amelia to his best friend was a revelation of Thackeray's suppressed desires in the Brookfield triangle" if that chapter had not been written months before his friendship with her became intimate.

These new studies bring to mind more forcibly than ever the ambiguity in Thackeray: the Bohemian was always at war in him with the Victorian Gentleman. These two sides of his nature were as distinct as his two handwritings. The Bohemian loved puns and practical jokes; the Gentleman could be as pompous and formal and smug as any of the Snobs he dissected. The Bohemian made his name by devastating satire in *Fraser's* and *Punch*, where he lampooned Disraeli and Bulwer without mercy; but when fourth-rate journalists like Keane or Yates sent a barb his way, he drew himself up in outraged dignity behind defenses of literary ethics and the sanctity of gentlemen's clubs. The Bohemian loved a convivial night at the Cyder Cellar, where he held his own with songs like the ballad of Highbury (Mr. Stevenson will find the



unexpurgated version in Mr. Ray's last volume)—perhaps the very song that so outraged Colonel Newcome in the Cave of Harmony; yet as the respectable editor of the *Cornhill* Thackeray rejected a poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning because it dealt with "unlawful passion felt by a man for a woman."

By nature Thackeray was profoundly sentimental; his warm, expansive heart yearned for sympathy. "Of all men I have known," said Sir Theodore Martin, "he was the most tender-hearted; in this respect, indeed, almost womanly." Experience had hurt him cruelly, and he learned to protect himself by scoffing. His view of life has been described as bifocal. When sympathetic emotion begins to dominate, a slight shift in the angle of vision turns his eye towards the realistic, magnifies the absurdity, shrinks the sentiment, and suffuses it with cold, sardonic light. Pitifully in earnest, he wrote Mrs. Brookfield, "I can't live without the tenderness of some woman," adding immediately "and expect when I am sixty I shall be marrying a girl of eleven or twelve, innocent, barley-sugar-loving, in a pinafore."

The same twist is characteristic of his novels. At the end of "Vanity Fair," when faithful Major Dobbin is finally allowed to have his Amelia, she turns and sees his lean figure and long shadow stalking across the grass. At this moment author and reader share her emotion. "Amelia started in her turn, blushed up, and, of course, began to cry. At all this simple little creature's fêtes the *grandes eaux* were accustomed to play." Only rarely does Thackeray leave sentiment unshattered, and it is fair to say that when he does, he is usually untrue to his genius. The most famous example, the death of Colonel Newcome at Grey Friars, is a theatrical *tour de force* out of Sterne by Dickens which many admirers wish he had resisted.

Because of his fundamentally skeptical view of human nature—it is unjust to call it cynical—Thackeray succeeds best in describing mean and hypocritical characters. For this reason "Vanity Fair, a Novel Without a Hero," is his masterpiece. Before it was half finished he wrote his mother:

> What I want is to make a set of people living without God in the world (only that is a cant phrase) greedy, pompous, mean, perfectly self-satisfied for the most part and at ease about their superior virtue. Dobbin & poor Briggs are the only 2 people with real humility as yet. Amelia's is to come, when her scoundrel of a husband is well dead with a ball in his odious bowels; when she has had sufferings, a child, and a religion.—But she has at present a quality above most people, whizz: LOVE—by which she shall be saved.

To a reviewer who protested his exposure of the girl he replied:

> If I had made Amelia a higher order of woman there would have been no vanity in falling in love with her, whereas the present impression is that Dobbin is a fool for his pains. . . . I want to leave everybody dissatisfied and unhappy at the end of the story—we ought all to be with our own and all other stories.

One might have expected this tone of disillusion to increase Thackeray's popularity today. I doubt if it has. Pressed for the reason why they do not read him more, most people will say that the novels are too long and rambling. Thackeray himself called "Vanity Fair" "too long for anybody's reading nowadays." But those who complain of the excessive length of his novels usually mean that not enough happens in them. "Gone With the Wind" is longer than anything Thackeray wrote. The rambling formlessness, which cannot be denied, sprang partly from his indolence. He would postpone work sometimes until the printer's boy was sitting in the hall. Once a group of characters was established he would let them roam along with little manipulation, not always certain himself where they might end. But formlessness was common to most Victorian novels; it came chiefly from publication in parts with the necessity of filling a specified number of pages each month for perhaps two years.

The best-constructed novel after "Vanity Fair" is the only one not published serially, "The History of Henry Esmond, Esq." Though the title glances at "Tom Jones," which

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certainly suggested the illegitimate birth of the hero, the brilliant descriptive narrative reflects Scott rather than Fielding. The rescue from the tide, the Jesuits with their secret entrance and disguises, the Jacobite plot ruined by the Pretender's quite unhistorical weakness for pretty faces—all these are reminiscent of "Redgauntlet" and "Rob Roy." No Waverly hero is more quixotic in yielding both title and fortune. The incredibility of Esmond's eleven-year devotion to the ambitious and unresponsive Beatrix is only surpassed by his marriage to her mother in the last ten pages. This denouement does not trouble us as it did the Victorians, whose sensibilities it shocked. But we do feel that he has not told the whole story. We expect a novelist to admit us to the mind of his characters and show step by step how such a change in affections could come about. This Thackeray never does.

Though his letters suggest familiarity with the more complex human relations, including even the "unlawful passion felt by a man for a woman," in the novels he evades them as warily as many of his feminine contemporaries. From the text one can almost demonstrate the innocence of Becky's connection with Lord Steyne. Pendennis, living in chambers in the Temple, going with Warrington and Captain Costigan to a hundred queer London haunts, "admired women so heartily that he could never bear the society of any of them that were not, in his fancy at least, good and pure"; frequently tempted, he is kept almost miraculously chaste to be united with Laura in the final chapter. Thackeray was conscious of the improbability and apologized for it in the preface: "Even the gentlemen of our age we cannot show as they are. Society will not tolerate the Natural in our Art." Before we plume ourselves on the superior freedom of the twentieth century, we should recall the absurd restrictions imposed on film and radio to keep them at an almost juvenile level.

The decline of Thackeray's popularity is certainly not due to his style. No novelist surpasses him in ability to write easy prose and natural dialogue. Like his most casual letters, the dullest page of his novels will yield some felicitous expression. For modern readers, however, mere style is not enough. We demand the illusion, at least, of penetrating into the minds of characters. The contemporary novel traces its descent, not to Dickens and Thackeray, but to those who depicted most subtly the inner springs of action—Meredith, George Eliot, James, Conrad, and Joyce.

A Man's Drive for Power

THE THRESHER. By Herbert Krause. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1947. 548 pp. $3.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

BY strong, poetic writing which fondles its metaphors almost sensually, we are swept, in this story of a man's ambitious drive for power, through the life of a German farm community in Minnesota, and through the life of Johnny Schwartz—or, as he later calls himself, in an effort to escape the stigma which clings to his father's name, Johnny Black. But it is not with Johnny Black alone, or even principally, that we must deal, for we are called upon, in this history of a community and

"Obviously loved," Herbert Krause's words add "to a total surging, poetic effect."

a time, to witness the lusty, terrifying spectacle of wheat farmers pursuing their narrow religion, their violent relaxation and loves; to consider the effects of that religion upon Johnny's wife, a woman without a church, obsessed by the fear of Divine punishment, driven neurotic by the harsh ranting of a fanatic pastor, her fear of God, and the wrath of God inextricably bound up with her fear of the threshing rig—symbol of her husband's life—a treacherous and powerful machine which enslaves even as it serves. We must consider the peculiar history of Johnny's father, its impact upon Johnny's life, the energies released and driven as a result of it into abnormal channels which, inevitably, lead to catastrophe. And, tied up in the social, economic, and psychological aspects of this long novel, we find, or are expected to find, the subtler, more profound theme—the conception of Time as the relentless thresher, an old analogy (or certainly akin to the old one), almost irresistible, peculiarly adaptable in this setting, this story of threshers.

Mr. Krause's characters are vivid, strong, absorbing. We are consumed with a kind of ambivalent attitude, an attitude which understands and loves these people even as it acknowledges their injustices and hates for them. Phrena, the weeping, nagning aunt who raises Johnny in her own miserable way, the fanatic pastor who drives Johnny's wife, Lilice, to torment herself with doubt and misgiving, Johnny himself, driven by an uncontrolled will to power—a will to blot out the story of his father—to thresh ruthlessly, violently, greedily through the fields and lives of the Pockerbrush Hills community; these are people who, though they sometimes strain our credulity, retain our interest, make us want to probe further.

The writing is as powerful as the forces with which it deals—each word obviously loved and carefully chosen, each phrase adding to a total surging, poetic effect. It is in his fondness for metaphor, however, that Mr. Krause runs into trouble. Given the material alone, at face value, we could accept the frequent figures of speech as they come, admire the metaphorical divisions by which Mr. Krause directs the life of his story to follow the life of the wheat. But, either through an addiction to metaphorical treatment or through a conviction that without it his book would not measure up to standards of profundity, he insists upon imposing upon the story, again and again, a reminder that we are dealing not alone with people, with characters, but with Time, all-powerful Time who changes all things. Thus the larger, grander metaphor intrudes constantly upon the milder ones and, unfortunately, despite what seems a perfect setting for that old conception, it just never slips in quietly enough—probably, I think, just because it *is* imposed that way. If it was love of that sort of thing which drove Mr. Krause to it, he ought to get over it; there were times when I felt smothered. If, on the other hand, it was the notion that it would give his book a vaster, deeper meaning, it was a sad misapprehension. For he should have realized that in a book as careful and perspicacious as this one, that very notion, that concept of time, is *implicit*, will lend significance without being forced and need be anxiously stated at no point in a novel which penetrates so deeply.

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The "Generic Number Ten"

DULCIMER STREET. By Norman Collins. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 637 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

ENGLISH history is generally made and written in terms of what happens at Number Ten Downing Street. There is another Number Ten, not precisely the Number Ten Dulcimer Street about which this book is written, but the generic Number Ten, the shabby, middle-class, South London boardinghouse, from which another history may be gathered. This would be a background record, of more interest to sociologists than historians; it would fill in the small spaces and corners of the canvas, cast some light upon the minor figures who appear, if at all, over the shoulders of the mighty. This record has been kept straight along. It is one of the great traditions of the English novel. There is as much of the English people in Fielding and Smollett and Sterne and Dickens as there is in Green and Macaulay and Trevelyan. I do not think it is extravagant to say that with "Dulcimer Street" Mr. Collins has placed himself in that tradition. Mr. Collins is by no means a Dickens and may never be; it is nonetheless true that not every one of Dickens's books is as good as "Dulcimer Street," which is a rich, tender, humorous, gusty document of modern London life.

A boarding house is not a bad microcosm in which to mirror a world it typifies. You get six or seven families, twice that many individuals, with lines of interest and communication moving outward and crossing, until you have a complex and sensitive network of human frailty. It shudders in every public wind. It records signs and portents, clouds and tremors, it knows of wars before the ministers do. And conversely, every slightest shock in the life of any one of its members is felt like a thunderclap along the whole quivering circuit. There are no private lives, there is one life at Ten Dulcimer Street, and it is this organic, supra-personal entity which is the real hero of the book.

But we can't fix our gaze upon such an entity; we have to know it by the movement of its parts. There is Mrs. Vizzard, the landlady, dour and emotional by turns, grappling endlessly with her roomers for their reluctant rent, and with the spirit-world for news of her departed ones. There are the Jossers: Mr. and Mrs., Ted and Doris, Ted's wife and Doris's love affair. The Jossers are as solidly at the center of this tale as any of the boarders could be. There are the Boons: old Mrs. Boon, and her son Percy, the gay blade, the petty racketeer, the vulgar romancer and car-thief, the jail-bird. There is the bedraggled and maudlin Connie, cloak-room attendant, a lonely old girl with a past and no present, a bird-brain with a bird's habits, pecking at news and life and food with insatiable appetite. And Mr. Puddy, who reads exactly like Richard Haydn, who must play him if anybody ever does; and the foreign, exotic, insinuating Mr. Squales, who treads a calculating path among these others until he is caught up with. All of them, and others, bent upon their separate purposes which insist upon fusing into the general, milling about in their mean street with an air so nostalgically near to us that we half expect to hear another voice piping up: "God bless us, every one!"

And there is one other figure there (not unexpectedly), poking about, making side remarks, oh-ing and ah-ing and suddenly turning to us with a grin, for all the world like a photographer who pops his head into a group picture he is taking. This is Mr. Collins, who has apparently had too good a time recording Dulcimer Street to stay out of it himself. And this is in the tradition too: not the detached and objective artist, but the sentimental and often sententious journalist, molding his material possessively and *con amore*. It is as this kind of warm, personal, popular (of the people), Dickensian document, that "Dulcimer Street" will be welcomed by its many readers in this country.

—*Howard Coster.*

"Norman Collins had too good a time recording Dulcimer Street to stay out of it himself."

Storied Frontier

LAND OF PROMISE. By Walter Havighurst. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 384 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

WITH his customary skill in giving warmth and vitality to historical studies, Walter Havighurst has written a book which he describes as "the story of the Northwest Territory."

I wish there were some other way to signify the geographic part of the continent studied in this book. Most Americans are likely to think of any place with the word "Northwest" attached to it as either two thousand miles west or two thousand miles north of Mr. Havighurst's present locale. There is the Pacific Northwest, which lies along Puget Sound; and there are the immense Northwest Territories of Canada, which rim the Arctic Ocean.

The fact of the matter is that Mr. Havighurst's arena was, to all intent and purposes, the Northwest corner of America during the pioneer period of the eighteenth century emphasized in his book. But after that men moved north and west again. They found that the land, contrary to popular notion, extended to the Pacific Ocean and also to the Polar ice-cap. So the Great Lakes region of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin is no longer *the* Northwest, as it was in the frontier days Mr. Havighurst is so adept at describing.

Many historians forget the average folks. They are so concerned with the statesmen and generals that they overlook the storekeepers and the stevedores, the Negroes carrying cargo and the lovers whispering beneath the pines. Mr. Havighurst has not neglected these people. He tells of George Rogers Clark and of Major Robert Rogers. But he also tells of the rank-and-file soldiers who got land in the Northwest Territory as a bonus (the first one!), and he knows of the Indians who had themselves baptized ten times a day, paying a pint of brandy or pound of tobacco for each baptism.

Mr. Havighurst praises the pioneers, but he does not idealize them. The Government broke its promise to Black Hawk's Indians because the settlers demanded the rich land on which the Indians had been assured they

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could hunt. The Indians fought, but what could they do against troops? Captured and humiliated, they were herded from reservation to reservation. If they showed a reservation to be fertile, the whites wanted it for themselves. Yet Black Hawk never understood. "My reason teaches me," he said, "that land cannot be sold. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away." The old chief did not see Chicago, where men with checkered vests became rich because they hammered their stakes in the right piece of Lake mud.

Mr. Havighurst understands the romantic as well as the military origins of the Northwest Territory. And he knows, too, the economic motives which settled and colonized the region flanking the American side of the Great Lakes. None of these aspects is neglected in "Land of Promise."

George Pullman built a railroad car with shelves on which travelers could sleep, and westward journeys increased. "Wherever the railroad went, it brought the future." The line of steel threaded through Wisconsin, and a young political agitator named Robert M. LaFollette looked dubiously on the growing power wielded in courts and legislative halls by the railway corporations. Steel mills and sleeping-car shops dotted the Northwest Territory, and immigrants from Eastern Europe and the countries of the Mediterranean trekked in to toil in them.

The term "Northwest Territory" may be a misnomer now when the greater Northwest Territories lie on the map of 1946, but Mr. Havighurst goes far back into the distant origins of this first Northwest Territory. His book encompasses a span in time from LaSalle to LaFollette, from Johnny Appleseed to Sherwood Anderson. The Northwest Territory has had a varied cast, indeed.

I have only one criticism of this excellent and stirring book—its title. "Land of Promise" is a trite bit of nomenclature for an author of Mr. Havighurst's talent and imagination. Whenever no other title seems to suffice, one with "Promised Land" or "Land of Promise" is slapped onto a book's cover. The number of such books appears to be legion. I know; I wrote such a book myself. The phrase "Promised Land" and its many derivations ought to be outlawed from all book titles, past, present, and future. Otherwise books are going to sound as similarly named as Mr. Pullman's sleeping cars.

A native Pacific Northwesterner, Richard Neuberger has probably published more about that territory than any other writer.

Chicago Without Tears or Dreams

THE NEON WILDERNESS. By Nelson Algren. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 286 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

THE challenge of the short story must be infinitely compelling to those writers willing to meet it. The demands of a limited scope make incident, character, and mood tight and tellingly heightened. Economy of things said, of those things left unsaid, can be memorable when practised well. Chekhov in three pages paints a portrait; Hemingway does an entire underworld story in not many words; O. Henry gives us middle-class goodness; and Saroyan makes man's loneliness a poignant dream. It is the author's undercurrent theme in any good collection of short stories that serves to unite the whole.

In his new novel Mr. Algren cries out for the under-dog. It is, in a quote from "The City" by David Wolff, "the usurpation of man over man" with which he deals. It is the dregs, the underprivileged, the eternally downtrodden, who people his pages. Some of them scarcely dream; they only live in fear of arrest, starvation, or sudden death. Their city is Chicago. It is the great throbbing city of Whitman painted by Reginald Marsh. The men are tough-fibered, living by lies, their wits, or their fists. Their women love them and are loyal to whatever profession they serve. There is no justice, no hope for any, nor is there much joy. By the same token, there is no judgment on these poor lost souls. Walt Whitman's attitude, "I feel I am of them—I belong to those convicts and prostitutes myself and henceforth I will not deny them—for how can I deny myself?" represents Mr. Algren's approach.

Nelson Algren "cries out for the under-dog: 'the usurpation of man over man.'"

Each of the twenty-four stories creates its own mood. Except for three of them, the plots are played in taverns, cheap hotels, and city streets. In "that's the way it's always been" the scene shifts to war's theatre and a bitter Willie-and-Joe indictment of a despicable brass hat. "The Heroes" is also a war story, the most humorous of the entire lot. Here is an American-born Indian who patterns himself on the Hollywood conception of the red man. His dialogue is perfect; he typecasts his comrades, his enemies, and his commanders. He feels Custer made a mistake in taking his last stand; he actually does not think he would have gone West, "because who'd want to leave Olivia De Havilland to all those Washington wolves?" I think Corporal Hardheart, affectionately known as Chief Boozeheart, is one of the happier figures. Another is the Negro who finds his longing for home satisfied in Algiers. He goes there AWOL, content with his Algerienne, "and across the waters . . . he heard the great bell tolling, tolling from the lion-colored hills of home." He has found peace.

For the others there is drink, dope, and jail. Unforgettable and powerful is the fearful story of the legless man, his burlesque queen mistress, and his fight to the finish with Fancy, the bartender, in "the face on the barroom floor." This is Mr. Algren's strongest moment. There is enough horror, ugliness, and ghoulishness in it to satify Sartre. In another vein we get evil fantasy and a logical motive for degradation in "how the devil came down division street." Then there is bitterness in "the children"; poetry and faith in "poor man's pennies"; terrible conquest in "depend on aunt elly"; and, in the first story, "the captain has bad dreams," a nightmare line-up of what is to follow.

Mr. Algren is a definite apostle of amorality. Either through environment or inheritance his people are completely devoid of any ability to recognize, let alone live by, conventional standards of so-called good citizenship. Conditioned by struggle, their instincts are all for the end, without even a passing nod to the means.

The e.e. cummings trick of no capital letters seems a slight irritant to me. The sometimes special phrases of prize-fighting or of the gangster world make for effortful reading. However, after the initial shudder, the staccato precision of the writing must be read, remembered, and admired.

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The Phenomena of Physics

FROM GALILEO TO THE NUCLEAR AGE. By Harvey Brace Lemon. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1946. 441 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by LOUIS N. RIDENOUR

QUITE a while ago, when I went to the University of Chicago (the New Plan had not yet been introduced and there was a football team, though a very poor one), I was an undergraduate, majoring in physics. In my freshman physics course, I enjoyed very much Professor Lemon's competent and instructive weekly demonstration lectures. During that same time, I sometimes used to go around with a willowy, handsome girl who lived down near the South Shore Country Club, when she was home from her Eastern finishing school. Then, as now, I used to bore my acquaintances by providing full answers to their questions about matters in the province of physics. On one occasion, I was astounded at this girl's quick comprehension of a lecture on atomic theory I was delivering in a beer flat on Fifty-third Street that was then a fashionable watering place in our set. When I remarked on this, the girl said: "Oh, we learned about the Bohr theory of the atom this year at school. In a course on 'Modern Conversational Topics'."

The assumption that underlies "From Galileo to the Nuclear Age" seems to be that there is a useful level of appreciation of physics which is more extensive than that offered in a finishing-school course on "Modern Conversational Topics," yet less exact than an understanding—even a primitive understanding—of what physics is about.

In Professor Lemon's book, the emphasis is primarily on phenomena, secondarily on their interpretation in terms of simple models, and hardly at all on the great internal simplicity of physics, the interrelation of seemingly unlike phenomena, and the nature and power of the deductive scientific method. Galileo is usually credited with first applying the deductive method to science, and Aristotle is identified with didacticism. Though Galileo's name appears in the title of this book, between the covers physics is dealt with in a more or less didactic way, like American history. This is done almost without recourse to mathematics, the language of physics.

In my view, physics cannot be understood or described in terms of "everyday language" and without mathematics. A good many everyday words have precise special meanings in physics—mass, force, reluctance, field, to name a few. The really precise language of physics is written mathematically, for only thus is it simple enough to be tractable and compact enough to be learned in a short time. To say that physics can be appreciated without even simple algebra is like saying that French can be learned without bothering about those difficult foreign words.

The foregoing is not meant as a criticism of Lemon's book, for its intention, as stated in the preface, is to stress phenomena, and to give "interpretations in non-technical style and by homely analogy." This aim is carried out very well, on the whole. A good deal of the skill and enthusiasm of Lemon, the demonstration lecturer in elementary physics, comes through in the chapters of Lemon, the author. The illustrations are apt and entertaining, though I should gladly trade the novelty of stereoscopic photographs for a considerable improvement in the quality of half-tone reproduction throughout the book.

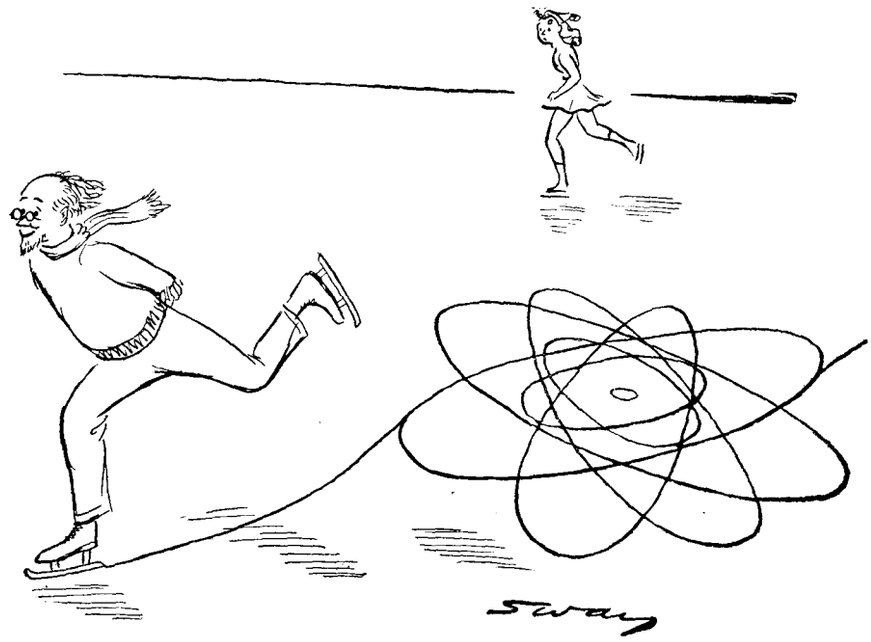
There are a few surprises in the emphasis on subject. Molecules and the kinetic theory of heat are dealt with at length and with gusto; the concept of the atom is introduced in a fifteen-line footnote. Later, the periodic system of the chemical elements, whose explanation in terms of atomic structure is one of the most inspiring triumphs of modern physics, is dealt with almost as summarily. Despite the ubiquity of Polaroid goggles, the evidence from polarization of light that light-waves are transverse is omitted as too difficult from a book that attempts a description of such recondite matters as the Compton effect in X-ray scattering.

Revision since the first edition has apparently been done with a minimum of replating. The Paris gun of World War I, not V-2, is still given as the example of "the greatest velocity ever attained in ordnance." The 1931 value is given for the charge of the electron—in some places, there are still ninety-two—not ninety-six—chemical elements. In the manifestly new pages, that carry letters to save the old pagination, there are several important typographical errors.

Reviewers of the first edition of this book were enthusiastic about it, one learns from the publisher's quotes on the jacket.

If I have seemed to be something less than enthusiastic about the second edition, it is because I feel that the value physics has for the general reader, or for the non-specialist, lies in its basis of deductive reasoning. It seems to me that nowadays it is far less important to know why a loudspeaker squawks than to be able to think straight, and physics as it is actually practised and as it is sometimes taught is the best available training in thinking straight in these times.

Interpretation of phenomena in terms of homely analogy seems a lot less significant than learning to do deductive reasoning. I'd like to see someone take a shot at writing a popular book on physics that is deductive instead of didactic, but so far as I know it has never been attempted, and maybe it cannot be done. If you are interested in phenomena and homely analogy, Professor Lemon is the man for you.



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The Old Folks at Home

AS WE WERE: FAMILY LIFE IN AMERICA, 1850-1900. *By Bellamy Partridge and Otto Bettmann. New York: Whittlesey House.* 1946. 184 *pp.* 300 *illustrations.* $4.50.

Reviewed by DAVID L. COHN

THE pages of this richly illustrated book depicting family life in America during the period 1850-1900 are a tour through what now seems to be our arcadian past. There was the little matter of the Civil War during the period covered but nonetheless. . . .

How antique were those days! How beguilingly archaic! If aspirin had not yet come on the scene, neither had the income tax. There was promise indeed that all taxes might be reduced to nothingness. In 1865, the Illinois Central Railroad, advertising for settlers to come to Illinois, told them that the State debt of about ten million dollars was rapidly being reduced, and "we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct." And shades of Colonel McCormick! When the railroad wanted to indicate the size of the state to which it was asking settlers, it casually said, "The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England."

Here we see again how all that changes is the same. After the Civil War, we learn, "A 'shoddy aristocracy' sprang up, best known for its reckless buying of costly luxuries and its pretentious vulgarity." "There was much talk during the Civil War of a coming age of dream kitchens and labor-saving devices." But the returning veteran of that allegedly backward day, unlike his counterpart of this age of "scientific production," "came back and found a fine selection of well-made civilian clothes ready to put on without any delay at all." This ought to clothe us with humility if nothing else.

The brief, pungent, accurate text of this book, together with the superb illustrations drawn from the immense collections of Dr. Otto Bettmann, is a vivid recreation of much of the history of Americans' lives during fifty dynamic years.

Much emphasis is naturally laid on farm life for we were once a predominantly agricultural people, and although the farmer is now indistinguishable from the town feller, he is as indispensable in 1946 as in 1850. Here are the immigrants, New York's traffic jams, A. T. Stewart's department store, the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876, the coming of the telegraph and the extension of the railroads from the East coast to the West coast, the arrival of the telephone and the typewriter, the swarmings of women to work outside the home, and Americans then, as now, indulging in gulp-and-gallop eating at quick lunch counters. There are delightful illustrated essays on women's fashions at a time when "to show an ankle in getting in or out of a carriage was almost a scandal." Here are the theatres of the day, the sports and amusements of the people, resorts and spas, and—at the very end—the coming of the automobile which would enormously change America and Americans.

"As We Were" is an enchanting book that greybeards may read with pleasure, and youngsters with profit.

LEARNING HOW TO BEHAVE: A HISTORICAL STUDY OF AMERICAN ETIQUETTE BOOKS. By Arthur M. Schlesinger. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 71 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

ONE could write a history of the manners of this country—manners being inclusive of etiquette—by a study of its etiquettes in various times and places. Dr. Schlesinger has furnished an outline of that study, though he has modestly appended "Books" to his title. Though this amusing and scholarly thesis is complete in itself, it is too bad that the author did not do it in four hundred and fifty pages instead of seventy-one and call it, perhaps, "Manners And Americans; or, From Fleas to Emily Post."

The existence of great quantities of fine Colonial art, silver, china, furniture, etc., in both North and South, leads one to believe that the first residents of the country were not so completely preoccupied with manners as a mere moralistic matter as the contents of the first books on the subject would suggest. Mr. Eleazer Moody's notes on the elegances, such as, "Spit not, cough not, nor blow thy nose at the table, if it may be avoided," are smothered in admonitions about proper respect to parents, and being not hasty to run out of the meeting-house when the worship is ended. "If thy superior be relating a story, say not, 'I have heard it before'—If he tell it not right, snigger not." Mr. Moody was a pessimist, but the pessimism has been justified by time.

George Washington, in his "One

—Illustrations from "As We Were."

Grant in Illinois country store and street-sweepers answering inspector's call-roll—the latter sketched by Paul Franzeny.

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Hundred and Ten Precepts," showed the difference between the Virginia Cavalier and the New England parson. "Contradict not at every turn what others say," he admonished—but this was before he had encountered the Continental Congress and John Adams—and this is the text of our great modern moralist, Mr. Dale Carnegie, except that he leaves out "at every turn" and the residue would hardly have pleased Washington.

The majority of Washington's precepts, however, have to do with formal etiquette: "Put not another bit into your mouth till the former be swallowed," "Cleanse not your teeth with the Table Cloth, Napkin, Fork, or Knife"—another premonitory injunction, for in later years the unfortunate First Executive must have cleaned his iron plates with a rat-tail file—, "Spit not in the Fire," "Kill no Vermin, as Fleas, etc., in the Sight of Others." Because Lillian Eichler and Emily Post neglected this precept of the Father of his Country, in his wisdom, various tradesmen have even shown pictures of people killing fleas, in their advertisements in the public prints. What about D.D.T. and "Quick, Henry," and so on?

Preoccupation with the behavior of women was shown in many tracts of the earliest *male* authorities. Cotton Mather in "Ornaments for the Daughters of Zion" goes in for styles, "Cloath your selves with the *Silk* of Piety, the *Satin* of Sanctity, the *Purple* of Modesty; so the Almighty God will be a *Lover* of you." A proper lady in this costume would also have been the most popular pin-up girl of the late war.

Ben Franklin thought that women were quite often the equals or even the earliest *male* authorities. Cotton these reflections anonymously.

A phenomenal uneasiness occurred among male creatures between 1750 and 1790 and produced a spate of books on "The Whole Duty of a Woman," etc., the whole duty of course, was to shut up, entrap, and marry a man chosen by her parents, work like a Trojan, and produce as many over fourteen children as possible. There must have been something cooking, and not in the kitchen, to produce this outburst.

The first volley of paper made no concessions. "Wit," said Dr. Gregory, "was the most dangerous talent a girl could have; she should be cautious even about displaying good sense—." The Rev. John Bennet advised female readers to lay off all scholarly subjects; they could walk or ride or read a book, provided the latter was neither a novel nor too learned. Woman must evince toward her husband a consciousness of inferiority, for the sake of order. Well, the men asked for it.

—*Illustration from "As We Were."*

A scene at Long Beach (N. Y.), new and popular seaside resort.

This was undoubtedly the opening of that great War of the Sexes so magnificently depicted in the stirring martial pictures of the eminent James Thurber. The Battle at the Delicatessen was in the making.

There is no doubt that conditions before, during, and after the American Revolution had something to do with the female insurgency that inspired the tracts, but the female victory, a rout, in spite of Mr. Thurber, came after the War of the States when what Mr. Schlesinger calls "The Age of Elegance" began under the sole management, almost, of the women. Some sociologist can figure out the relationship of these female upheavals and war, but the Greeks had a number of words for it; "Lysistrata," for instance.

The ladies went hog-wild, to use an elegant term. Men were dragged into tailcoats and had to learn about forks. What Delilah did to Samson was nothing to what women did to Civil War beards. Women even decided what, when, and where men could smoke.

With the era of great fortunes the new female weapon was so elaborated that it became ostentatious and vulgar and broke of its own weight. Young men, with perhaps some assistance from the enemy's own ranks, overthrew the system of sending a homely old woman along on every expedition they made with their sweethearts after twilight. Such things as the Bradley Ball and the Vanderbilt affairs made the conservative wealthy, contemptuous, and impoverished citizens bitter.

Then came Emily Post, who wrote her first severely Tory manual of politeness and was asked by some fifty thousand readers about how she had escaped from a museum of antiquities. Since Mrs. Post needed to recoup her finances she revised the volume in 1927 and retitled "Chaperons and Conventions," "The Vanishing Chaperon and Other New Conventions." It was obvious that the new youth was more for the chaparral than the chaperon. Mrs. Post finally conceded, handsomely, that the choice of the proper fork was one of the least problems of real etiquette.

Years ago, I knew an old chap who contended that not only because of its homicidal qualities was the Bowie knife a great invention, but because one of them and an occasional left thumb substituted for a whole set of table silver, and you could eat "neat" with one of them, a tincup, and a tinpan. American etiquette is not likely to call for such simplicities, either at the table, or in courtship, or behaviors in public, but now that the War of the Sexes has been concluded—with a not too onerous peace treaty for the vanquished—there will probably be a further tendency toward common decency and common sense, away from the Age of Elegance.

This book presents far more, and presents it entertainingly, than its academic title suggests.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 671)

HENRY JAMES*:

THE AMERICAN SCENE

Anything that breaks the gregarious spell, that relieves one of . . . the abject collective consciousness of being pushed and pressed in . . . puts a price on the lonely sweetness of . . . deviating into some sense of independent motive power.

* *In criticism of the skyscrapers and the consequent need of elevators in New York, on his return visit in* 1906.

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CAN WE AFFORD GOOD BOOKS?

IT WAS printing that made good books, and especially new books, available to the people and our literate civilization possible. It is the rising cost of printing and material which threatens the kind of new books which often prove to be the good books of the next generation. Not so many years ago, a sale of a thousand copies would at least give the publisher his money back. Between the wars it was usually estimated that three thousand copies sold would make publication possible without a loss. In 1947 publishers doubt whether five thousand copies will reimburse them for the capital they invest in a new book. One of the most sagacious of American publishers has stated that, taking all overhead into account, he needs a sale of twenty thousand copies to guarantee him a substantial profit.

These figures are, of course, approximate, difficult to make precise, perhaps controversial. And they apply, of course, only to new books, and to trade books, where the probable sale cannot be more than guessed in advance. But whether this statement is too strong or too weak, a situation alarming in its possibilities undoubtedly exists already. And if costs, especially of printing, increase, as is threatened, it may end in most undesirable social results.

It is alarming because of the kind of books which will be most certainly affected. Some mediocre novels will die stillborn without loss, but the mortality will not be heavy in mediocre novels. There is always a good reason for publishing a not too excellent novel. Either the author is new and to publish his first may secure him for a better second; or he has done one good book, and his poor second must be printed or he will go to another publisher. What will suffer will be the more specialized books in nonfiction—criticism, politics, history, science, social studies, books of the kind which cannot be counted upon to sell more than three to five thousand copies. Are these unimportant? On the contrary, some of them may prove to be among the most important of the year, in so far as education, information, enlightenment are concerned. Some of them will be reprinted later and will sell for years. Some of them will be the basis for dozens of textbooks, highly profitable as well as highly useful when written. Among them are often, one might say usually, to be found those vital books whose ideas are too new to get immediate wide acceptance; or whose thinking is along too original lines to make them easily readable; or whose facts are too novel to suggest their great significance. It would be interesting to know the sales of the first edition of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," of J. W. Dunne's "An Experiment with Time," of F. J. Turner's "The Frontier in American History."

And other types of books are likely to find birth pangs difficult to survive. The delicate and exquisite novel of fantasy which often is so much stronger and enduring than it seems to the doubtful publisher. The experiment in narrative technique which may prove to set the fashion for the next decade. Symbolism, irony, satire—all the subtler and more penetrating arts of the novel which the public cannot be expected to gulp down by mouthfuls when they first appear, if at all. It is true that many a noble experiment in literature has borne its future success upon its face for any intuitive publisher to read in advance. But this is not always or often true. Would the publisher who must average a sale of twenty thousand copies on all his books in order to endure, or who knows that he will lose money on any sales below five thousand copies, have issued, let us say, Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" (an unexpected if a great success) or Henry James's earlier (and some of his later) novels, or Izak Dinesen's intricate stories before a book club began to sponsor them? Or, to leave fiction for another kind of belles lettres, Thoreau's "Walden," which sold two thousand copies and waited many years for more circulation?

This editorial proposes no specific solution, but it sets a problem of the first magnitude. The solution must be in cost of labor and material, or in new technological processes. Such mechanical developments as have made the cheap reprint possible are inapplicable here, because you cannot mass-produce a commodity whose acceptability is as uncertain as that of a new book. You cannot mass-produce in any case the kind of new book which will never be meat for the masses, although by its germinal force it may help to set the ways of thinking and feeling by which they live.

In the long run, the book trade lives by good books and not by ephemeral and synthetic best sellers, which on analysis will usually be found to owe their existence ultimately to good books of which they are popularizations or adulterations. Therefore, this problem is one for labor, management, and producers of material, as much as for authors and publishers. It is most of all a challenge to literate society. Can it afford to cripple the production of the kinds of good new books that helped to make it what it is, and have certainly kept it growing? H.S.C.

In the Museum

By Grace Hazard Conkling

IF I could give you the thin saucer of jade
Leaf-colored, reticent of its own light,
Or the chameleon Cellini made,
Poised in a silver panic, almost in flight,
If miniature trees of malachite
On this pale vase could be a forest-glade
Innocent and sequestered, where you might
Forget bewilderment, rest in the shade,
I'd be content. Now in the waning year
Let's pretend to borrow for a day
Something small, distinct, exceeding rare,
To hold the world's wild weather far away
And serve as talisman against dismay;
Fine as my wish for you; as cameo-clear.

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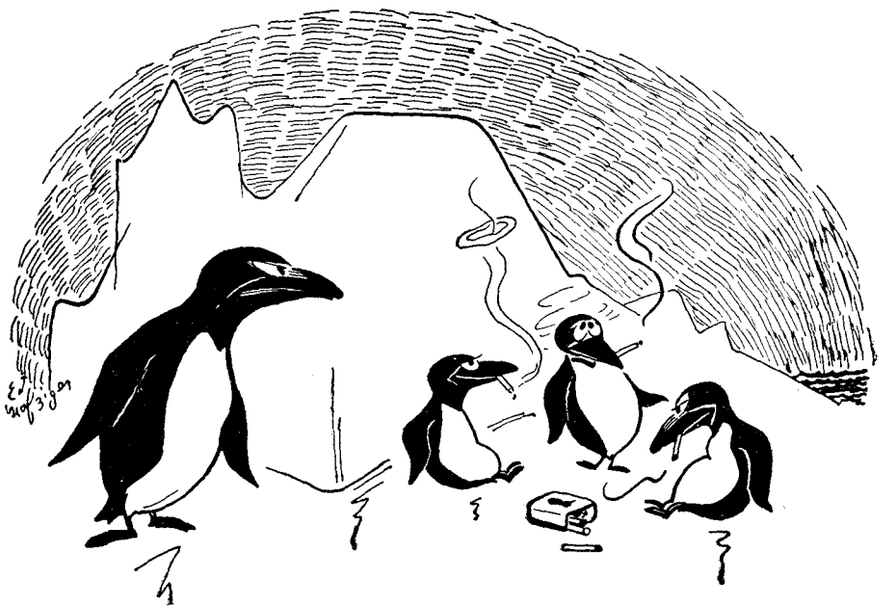
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



"Wanted: New Gods"

SIR: I want to compliment you on "Wanted: New Gods" [*SRL*, Dec. 28]. I think this essay is the best piece of literary criticism to appear within the last ten years. People who have such standards and who are able to write about them so well, ought to be encouraged.

CALEB G. SHIPLEY.

Bethesda, Maryland

SIR: Thank you for publishing the article I wish I had written—"Wanted: New Gods" which says what I am certain is in the minds of countless thoughtful readers as they search in vain among the stacks of "best sellers" or the "little reviews" for real writing.

It is a healthy sign, I think, that this article was conceived and published, and will reach several thousands of intelligent people. We need many more outspoken, but sound, critical appraisals of our doings, so that, blindly, we do not all have to topple over the edge of the cliff, to discover that there really are rocks at the bottom, and we may be irreparably injured.

FRANCES SEGRAVES.

Boothbay Harbor, Maine

SIR: However impressed I may have been by Ben Lucien Burman's analysis of our literary immaturity, I would like to suggest that the author either spend more time on research or abstain from reading comic strips such as "Alley Oop."

In a supposedly historical simile of his, occurring near the close of an otherwise penetrating article, he makes the following statement: "We may live in caves again, like shivering man in the age of dinosaurs." Simply for the sake of the dubious record, I would like to inform the author, if others haven't already done so, that the so-called dinosaurs, according to historical geology, first made their appearance on this earth during the Triassic Period, which occurred some 190 million years ago, and man, in any recognizable form, did not appear more than one million years ago.

This bit of information as I have said, is only for the sake of the record and is not meant to constitute an attack on an otherwise impressive diagnosis.

ZACHARY GUSSOW.

Albuquerque, N. M.

SIR: Mr. Ben Lucien Burman did some Neronian fiddling in his article entitled "Wanted: New Gods"; he lamented that literature without beauty in America (and implicitly elsewhere) is withering and dying. American literature had lost the vitalizing and healthy influences of Dickens, Thackeray, and Galsworthy (horrors!) and the new Continental *animus* had sprouted little Turgenievs and Chekhovs everywhere.

What has occurred has gone deeper than a change of attitude: there have been changes, amounting to disintegration, of consciousness. It is so apparent that in the post-Renaissance man there is a disturbing disassociation of thought and feeling.

Without tradition we lapse of necessity into a literary provincialism. And certainly we agree with Mr. Burman in recognizing this as a matter of great moment. But a facile "happy agnosticism" leads nowhere. Literature since the Renaissance has increasingly supplanted the Christian churches as the vehicle of the highest knowledge. Philosophy alone today is not sufficient; it fails to express or to satisfy the whole man. In art alone does the whole man find adequate expression, and to creative literature must men look for the embodiment of living values appropriate to our epoch.

FRANCESCO CORDASCO.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Here is my personal hand-clapping for your article "Wanted: New Gods." It has needed saying for too long a time. You might carry right over into the theatre, with an accidental swipe at the play critics and book reviewers on the side and leave us a little refreshed for your house cleaning.

HAZEL BROWN.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.

SIR: I have rarely read such a slick statement of stupidity as was made in your article "Wanted: New Gods." Mr. Burman seems torn between the desire to say something timely on his own (resulting in a prime confusion) and the desire to repeat every commonplace of literary club critics.

Some of Mr. Burman's salient points are salient enough. We are a fad-ridden country. Commercialism does blur true values. But Mr. Burman sneaks up on us with these things, and then begins to babble of the larger issues with a confusion all his own. Quite frankly I cannot trust Mr. Burman with the larger issues. When he says "critical sensitivity is a delicate instrument," I agree, but think he is the wrong man to be playing with it, particularly when I recall his linking the late Gertrude Stein with the stream-of-consciousness technique, something which has not, to my knowledge, happened before even in the daily press. Mr. Burman attempts to clear things up in the next breath by linking Miss Stein with the "jungle witch doctor," which is surely a truer conception of her position, but in his hands can only have been a lucky punch. I would suggest that Mr. Burman give some consideration to the relationship between Shakespeare's soliloquy, Richardson's letters, Joyce's "night thoughts of Molly Bloom," before he attempts to throw Miss Stein into the same cubicle. He might also ponder the "subtle" difference between the monologue, a talking to one's self, and incantation before making fast and loose with the witch doctor.

In a concluding paragraph, Mr. Burman says he has no illusions. Perhaps not, but he certainly has an annoying arrangement of his convictions. It shouldn't have happened to any magazine.

KENNETH O. HANSON.

Seattle, Wash.

SIR: I have just finished reading your article "Wanted: New Gods." I am only one of the legions of young Americans who believe that art to be art must necessarily be based on the standard this piece predicates. And I am ready and willing to do whatever I can to help fan that small spark that must exist in everyone—the spark that wants to turn into the flame of real artistic creation. I've been on a book buying strike for almost a year now. I confine my buying to those classics which the consensus of critical opinion has judged to be classic over a period of years.

Everywhere one looks, one sees the same difficulty which you write of. Could it be time for artists and art lovers to organize? To fight fire with fire?

MARY JANE JESSE.

Louisville, Ky.

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Seeing Things

PRIGS IS PRIGS . . .

THE fault was mine; mine and Jacob Abbott's, I had laughed out loud when I turned one of his pages.

"Whutcha readin'?" asked the man across the table from me in the diner. He was a solid, breezy, practical type.

I blushed one of those blushes which are self-heating.

"It's a . . . it's a . . . an old book," I stammered, wishing I had left the damn thing in the Pullman. "Something I just picked up." The coward in me made me add, "For fun."

"Whut's its name?" The man was still friendly.

"It's a . . . a . . ." I could not have felt more foolish. I knew I was on the spot. There are easier things for an adult (or a child) to explain than why nowadays he should be caught reading a work by Jacob Abbott in public. "It's a . . . it's one of the 'Rollo' books," I confessed. "Ever heard of them? Or of little Rollo?"

The man had not. But the negative shake of his head said far more than "no."

"You see, Rollo . . . Well, little Rollo," I began. The name "Rollo" was bad enough; the "little" even worse. The smile vanished from the man's face. After listening for a moment, he retreated—protectively, mercifully—into his copy of *Time*.

I had come across "Rollo in London" that very morning at Kidd's in Cincinnati. Something about the book's appearance had tugged at my sympathies. It was not merely its small size. Or the way the bigger books bullied it from all sides on the bargain counter. It seemed to know its day was long past. It had lost its confidence. It had the homeless, unhappy, uprooted look of a displaced person; that look which battered and abandoned books do have when they are marked down as junk and herded together.

In color it was a muddy, brownish-red, as tired as the roast beef in a delicatessen window. The gold stars on its spine no longer shone. They twinkled ever so feebly as stars will when the dawn strengthens and they have been out too long. Yet the gilt of its title caught my eye, perhaps because it was so pitifully tarnished.

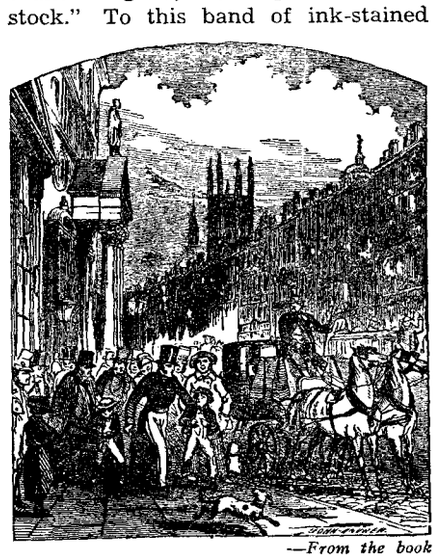
I had never read any of the "Rollo" books. But, though innocent of their innocence, I knew their hero was a symbol of unbearable goodness. Accordingly, I was amused to make little Rollo's acquaintance, even if little Rollo did surprise me.

I had not known he was a professional traveler. I had pictured him as being laocoöned to his mother's apron strings; a sad pre-Wylie victim of Momism. I had visualized him as an apple-polisher in the classroom; a prig at church picnics; the kind of goody-goody with the cherry trees that Parson Weems might have imagined.

Of course, I had assumed he got around a little as the heroes of juvenile serials must get around. I had been taught to expect this long ago by such of his more calloried successors as Tom Swift, the Rover Boys, and the Motor Boys. Yes, and for that matter, even by such a mere female as the Little Colonel.

I was unprepared, however, to find Rollo a boy Baedeker; a Buster Burton Holmes; an itinerant tot whose little feet carried him on treks through several of those foreign cities in which E. V. Lucas was to become a wanderer. Although I had thought of him as a paragon of the seven deadly virtues, I had not expected he would also turn out to be a lesson in geography.

But I was as wrong as only the ignorant can be. "Authors, we have, in numbers," wrote Emerson, "who have written out their vein, and who, moved by commendable prudence, sail for Greece or Palestine, follow the trapper into the prairie, or ramble round Algiers, to replenish their stock." To this band of ink-stained Bedouins, Rollo's creator, the long late Jacob Abbott, belonged without shame.



—*From the book*

Beyond doubt Mr. Abbott was a traveling man. Crossing new frontiers was his stock-in-trade. He had only to move on to another city or country, guidebook in hand, to add a fresh volume to "Rollo's Tour in Europe." He kept the little fellow, and his little readers, on the go. The truant officer would have been hard-pressed to overtake Rollo. "Rollo on the Atlantic," "Rollo in Paris," "Rollo in Switzerland," "On the Rhine," "In Scotland," "Geneva," "Naples," and "Rome"—so ran the series in their proper order, with "Rollo in London" as the fourth entry on the list.

These others I know only as titles advertised in the "London" volume. With the exception of "Rollo on the Atlantic," which I should relish reading as an account of ocean-voyaging in a different day, I now feel I have had more than my fill both of little Rollo and of Mr. Abbott. Yet, in spite of my dismayed companion in the diner, I am glad I read "Rollo in London."

It was published in 1864 when most Americans must have been thinking of a civil war of which it takes no notice. Like all travel books, it says, without meaning to, more about the traveler than the place visited. As a guidebook — as a Muirhead broken up into dialogue and told in semi-narrative form—it could prove useful even now to demon sight-seers by the Thames. At least, it could to those who lap up what is shouted at them through the megaphones on rubber-neck buses, and who think they have mastered London and inhaled a foreign culture if only they can give the number of steps leading up to St. Paul's dome.

What is most surprising about the London little Rollo saw, with those infuriating Quiz Kid eyes of his, is not that it has changed but that so much of it remains to be seen to this day, after buzz bombs and blitzes, by tourists no less diligent. There are scars—ugly, gaping, frequent, terrible. The buses now are horseless and the lights electric. The city is illuminated under a Labor Government for the birthdays not of Victoria but of her great-grandson. And veterans of other battles than Waterloo at present serve as Yeomen of the Guard at the Tower.

To be sure, prices have skyrocketed. Rollo's uncle, the ever-mathematical Mr. George, makes this poignantly clear. He and Rollo debate whether between them they should part with twenty-seven shillings a week for two bedrooms and a large sitting-room in nice lodgings

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just off the Strand. No wonder Mr. George at last says, "Well, Rollo, I think you and I can afford to pay a half a dollar apiece a day for our rooms, considering that it is London."

Even so, the city's obligatory "sights" remain much the same that little Rollo trudged to see. The very "feel" of many of her streets appears likewise to be unaltered. So are the basic characteristics of her citizens. But it would take more than a new guidebook to locate and understand little Rollo, his uncle, and his father. They are Americans not only of a different epoch and from a different country but out of a different planet. They give their hints as to what was to come. Yet, in most respects, England could never have seemed as alien to them as they do to us.

Take Rollo's father. He is an austere, inhuman fellow; bound to produce only prigs for progeny. It is pleasant to have him left behind in the "London" volume, lurking in the shadows of a comfortable fortune. We are told merely that since Mr. Holiday's health was quite feeble, he had wished to travel "in a very quiet and easy manner." Mr. George (Rollo's companion who is identified as "a young gentleman") and Rollo Holiday (aged twelve, mind you) were, however, "full of life and spirits. They wished to go everywhere, and to see everything, and had very little fear of either fatigue or exposure."

Accordingly, Mr. Holiday had announced one morning in Paris, quite autocratically and abruptly, "It will be better that we should act independently of each other. You may go your way, and we [that is Rollo's mother, littler brother, and an adopted cousin] will go ours. We shall meet occasionally, and then you can relate us your adventures."

This was the reason for, and the beginning of, the London safari. But do not worry. Little Rollo, so young to start his *wanderjahre* and so unbearably precocious, could not have been in safer hands than Mr. George's. If Mr. George was "full of life and spirits," no one—including Mr. George—would have ever suspected it. As a man he was a perfect Scout Master, as a Scout Master a tireless tutor, as a tutor the dreariest kind of tourist, and as a guide a model bore.

"Which London shall we visit first?" is not only Mr. George's first line but the opening sentence in "Rollo in London."

"Why," rejoins Rollo, as surprised as anyone, even a human, would be, "are there two of them?"

"Yes," pontificates Mr. George, "we may almost say there are two of them." And he is off. That is the kind of guy

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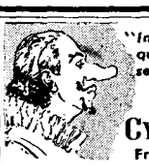
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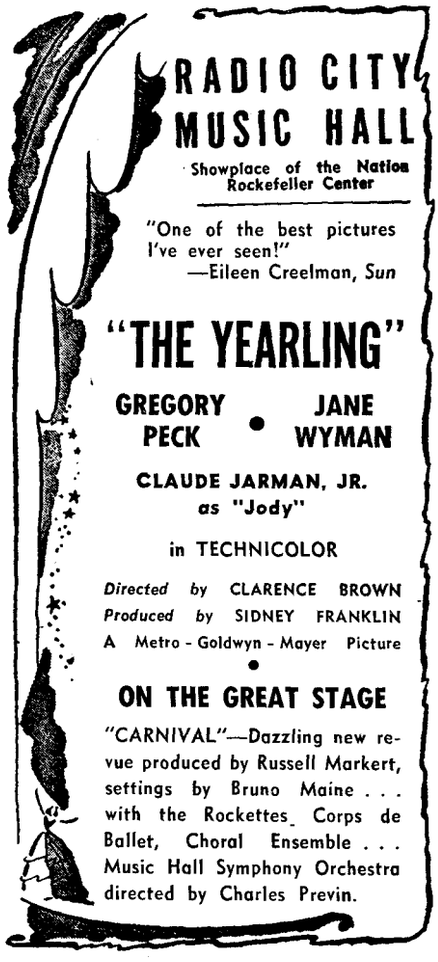
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S-8

Mr. George is, on page after page and in paragraph after paragraph.

Almost at once it becomes clear that Mr. George's real duty is not to introduce little Rollo to London but to teach him the hard, cruel ways of American business. London is no more than an excuse. Poor little Rollo is a natural saver, brought up in the vanished Ben Franklin tradition of thrift which the WPA psychology and present taxes have made as out of flower as knighthood. Mr. George may travel first class, and does. But little Rollo, the bantam penny-squeezer, is made of sterner stuff. He is always traveling alone in the third class in order to save a few shillings for spending money from the allowance granted him by his father. Don't think for an instant, however, that Mr. George lets Rollo have any fun making his few purchases.

At one suspensive moment, for example, little Rollo burns with the desire to buy a gold watch chain which costs eight dollars and fifty cents in American money. It has captured his heart.

"Let us see," says Mr. George, right off the bat. "What is the interest on eight dollars and a half?"

For once Rollo has no answer.

"Seven times six are forty-two . . . say fifty," muses Mr. George out loud. "Then we must add something for wear, and tear, and depreciation . . . I should think that the chain would cost you about sixty cents a year, as long as you keep it . . . The money that you pay for it will produce about fifty cents a year if you keep it at interest; and, of course, if you buy a chain with the money, you stop all that income."

"Yes," says Rollo, very bright for twelve, "I understand that for the fifty cents; and now for the other ten. You said sixty cents."

"Why," continues the cheerless Mr. George, "the chain will be gradually wearing out all the time, while you use it, and I estimate that it would lose about ten cents a year. That makes up the sixty . . . You see, the little links and rings, where the chief wear comes, will gradually become thinner and thinner, and at last the time would come when you could not use it as a chain any longer. You would then have to sell it for old gold; and for that purpose it would not be worth, probably, more than half what you now give for it." Etc., etc., etc.

It is against the backdrop of London that little Rollo is schooled in the realities of finance. If he is an obnoxious child (which he is), don't overlook the diet of facts and figures upon which he is compelled to feed. His imagination is never ignited; he is never permitted to play; and his love of beauty and adventure are never set free.

The only time Mr. George mentions "grandeur and sublimity" to him is when he is lecturing little Rollo on London's docks and England's far-flung trade. No wonder the generation of well-to-do Americans that grew up with Mr. George as their mentor and little Rollo as their prototype was a stuffy, stodgy breed, more capable of understanding things than ideas and largely incapable of joy. For little Rollo and Mr. George were neither the first nor the last of those tourists who fail to become travelers. They scarcely ever lifted their eyes from their guidebooks or their budgets. Although they knew all the facts, they saw nothing—except dollars and more facts. This is what makes them at once so hilarious, exasperating, and pathetic.

What happened to little Rollo when he grew up, I cannot guess. I know only that if he lived, and let Mr. George live, he must have accumulated a great deal of money and kept it. And bought his wife few gifts. I am sure he became a vestryman because he was almost one at twelve. Maybe he knew the elder Clarence Day and the late George Apley. I trust, however, that when he married and the next male Holiday was ready for "the grand tour," old Rollo stayed at home, nursing his virtues, his ledgers, and his guidebooks, and, perhaps, forgiving Mr. George as only a kind man could in the benevolence of his ebbtide years.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 190

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 190 will be found in the next issue.

VXAUNVS NZ AUPYP AX KXDP,

RVM VXAUNVS WRZA, LGA

RV PAPYVRB VXI MXPZ

RBIREZ BRZA.—RLYRURD

KXIBPE.—MRFNMPNZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 189

She was one of the early birds,
And I was one of the worms.

T. W. CONNOR.

"She Was One of the Early Birds."

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Frederick Douglass and Uncle Tom

A STAR POINTED NORTH. By Edmund Fuller. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 361 *pp.* $2.75.

TO MASTER A LONG GOODNIGHT. By Brion Gysin. New York: Creative Age Press. 1946. 269 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN these two books which add to the growing clarity of the history of the American Negro, Edmund Fuller has made strong fiction out of the life of Frederick Douglass and Brion Gysin has brought to biographical reality the human prototype of the "Uncle Tom" of both Mrs. Stowe's novel and contemptuous modern Negro slang. Both books are imbued with the strong spirit of protest in the contemporary Negro. But both are made more effectual by real researches into history.

It seems a little strange now that Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose book so advanced the cause of abolition, should have been the affectionate creator of that Uncle Tom whose name stands today as almost the first figure in the bitter contempt of the Negro for the sycophants of his own kind and color. And Mr. Gysin in his book, composed while in the Army, has not only written the historical narrative of Josiah Henson from whom Mrs. Stowe drew Uncle Tom, but an historical portrait of the "white man's nigger" for which, Gysin believes, Henson set the pattern.

Certainly the Frederick Douglass of Mr. Fuller's novel is no Uncle Tom. He was not even subservient to the abolitionists who started him on his career of leadership. At the last he took a white wife (though not in this novel), and on some occasions he spoke rather sharply even to Abraham Lincoln. He was brilliant and successful as Josiah Henson never was. But even in Mr. Fuller's sympathetic novel, which seems only a slightly fictionized biography, somehow Douglass, with more pride than Henson, seems to have possessed less courage. It was undoubtedly conviction rather than cowardice which kept Douglass from joining John Brown. In his life Douglass's good sense always came at the crises of revolt in domestic as well as public matters. But old Henson, who may make the Uncle Tom pattern, actually took the great risks of going back to the slave states after he had escaped to bring other slaves to freedom.

Each of these books is worth reading separately. Mr. Fuller's novel is vividly, often eloquently, written. He has brought to living reality both the slave system from which Douglass escaped and the queer, dogmatic, idealistic abolitionist world in which he lived. Mr. Gysin's book is a simpler document in which his own views are more sententiously stated, but he has also made Mrs. Stowe's old Tom a tough human being as both slave and patriarch. The two books make admirable reading as complements to each other in a study of patterns of Negro leadership. Both have the great virtue, in a field of American writing in which there is always much feeling, of standing upon honest study and not merely upon honest emotions.

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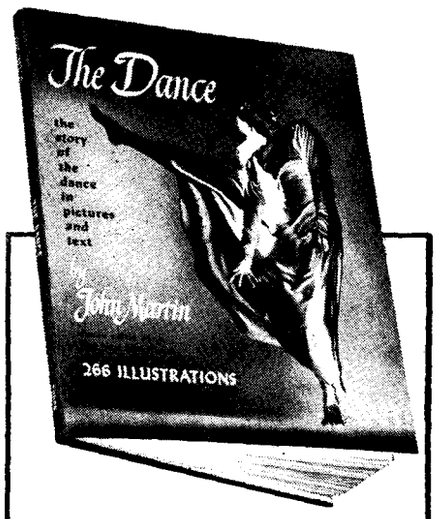

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Inventory of Hate Mongers

THE PLOTTERS. By John Roy Carlson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 408 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by HODDING CARTER

PERHAPS the most worth-while function of Mr. Carlson's second volume of his adventures among the subversives is its proof that such groups are not restricted either as to area or the objects of their hate. His survey of today's hate-mongers is almost a geographical roll call; and this is good, if only as an antidote to those opponents of intolerance who minimize its dangers by concentrating upon one locale and one manner of its expression.

"The Plotters" is principally an account of Mr. Carlson's activities since V-J Day. Therefore it lacks, at least on the surface, the tenseness of his first narrative, "Undercover," which made its appearance at a time when the nation was more conscious of danger and more united against its threat. But if Mr. Carlson's present thesis is valid, the danger is not past; in fact, it is as grave today despite—or because of—the supplanting of movements activated from beyond our borders by groups principally American in origin.

While no discernible unity of leadership appears in this exposure of anti-democratic forces in the United States, there is ample evidence of unity of purpose; and in demonstrating that a common bigotry animates his targets, Mr. Carlson has made self-evident the fact that prejudice against racial and religious minorities is stronger today than at any other time in our history. His reasons for this upsurge are sound, for he writes:

> Post-war instability is only one factor in the strong undertow mentioned above, which may be attributed to four main underlying reasons:
>
> *Economic:* The rise of labor as a powerful voice in national and world politics, which has alarmed and angered those who traditionally dominate the field;
>
> *Social:* The social advances of the New Deal, which arouses the hate of those who thought of the "American way" as something exclusive and limited to members of an Anglo-Saxon economic and social "aristocracy," and who could not become reconciled to the change;
>
> *International:* The upsurge of the USSR as the second power in the world, threatening the established order, has brought new problems, fears, and suspicions;
>
> *Religious:* The gross treatment by the USSR of religious values and church dogmas has set in motion a strong reaction against such excesses, which in turn can go too far in the opposite direction.

Mr. Carlson is chiefly concerned with the role of the veteran against such a background. Thus, his own undercover disguise during his investigation was that of an "Anglo-Saxon veteran." As such, he was "astounded" by the appeal of organized bigotry for veteran membership, though it seems obvious that the post-war organizer would turn first to the ex-service man.

"The Plotters" is an exhaustive catalogue of such groups; but its effectiveness in this respect is somewhat weakened by the inclusion of so many small-fry crackpots and discredited pre-war apostles. One sometimes becomes lost in the maze of names and organizations which Mr. Carlson produces; and one also bogs down, but infrequently, in the discursive passages in which he relates some minor personal incident. Yet, he can be forgiven this pardonable pride in the physical risks he must have run in gathering his material first hand.

Full respects are paid to a resurgent Klan. But there is more value in his proof of the amazing immediacy of the rebirth of the bund spirit and bund leadership in New York, and of the dangerous bitterness of anti-Catholic fundamentalist organizations. For the serviceman, his "Veterans' Round-up" evaluation of the multitude of servicemen's organizations is especially timely, as are his opposed chapters "Fingers in the Veterans' Pie: Left Wing" and "Fingers in the Veterans' Pie: Right Wing."

One might wish that Mr. Carlson had paid more attention to the threat from the communist left, inadequately treated despite one factual chapter on the American Communist Party. Certainly a unified movement directed against the political, economic, and social bases of democracy itself is as grave as are the yet disunited attacks upon the rights of minorities—which are attainable, if only yet in part, within this democracy.

What Mr. Carlson fears, as do all men of good will, is that some day, the thousand and one varieties of bigots may unite in a common front. That is a nightmare to plague any thoughtful American. It cannot be dispelled by one man's determination to make public its mean, distorted components. But such determination may arouse others, and that is what Mr. Carlson seeks.

Hodding Carter edits a newspaper in Greenville, Miss., last year won a Pulitzer Prize for his editorials, and during the war was an officer on Yank *magazine.*

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In a Salty Mood

THE ETERNAL SEA. Edited by William Williamson. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1946. 539 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

LAND is something specific, a name, a place, a monument, but the sea is always the vast, indefinite, anonymous generality. "The Eternal Sea" is a careful collection of poems which express the emotions and philosophy of the man who goes to sea, rather than the beachcomber who watches with Matthew Arnold "where the sea meets the moon-blanched land." The editor, William Williamson, the son of a sailing ship captain, is an avid sampler of verse for there are many newcomers among the poets presented. The book is divided into twenty-one sections in which the editor presents a variety of sea moods with good taste and a fine sense of integrity. The range of selection is wide and perhaps at times too inclusive. The average remains high, and the choices indicate considerable diligence and a comprehensive reading range.

Mr. Williamson has included the Anglo-Saxon "Sea Farer," as translated by Charles W. Kennedy. It is an effective interpretation of man's ancient love and fear of the deep—storm-drenched and wave-punished by the icy water:

Yet still, even now, my spirit within me
Drives me seaward to sail the deep,
To ride the long swell of the salt sea wave.

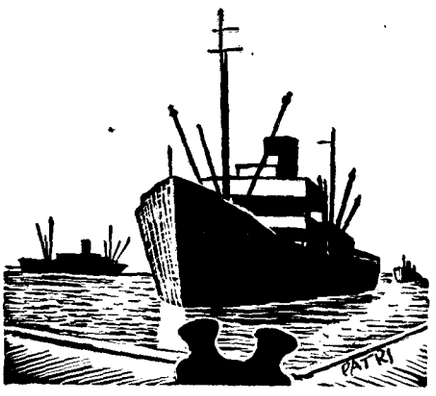
The poem is similar in mood, though hardly equal in passion to the eleventh-century Gaelic poem of "Song of the Sea," translated literally by Kuno Meyer:

A great tempest rages on the Plain of Ler, bold across its high borders
Wind has arisen, fierce winter has slain us; it has come across the sea,
It has pierced us like a spear.

The philosophy of the sea is represented in the tailored Sapphic patterns of Santayana in his "Ode to the Mediterranean," while mesmerism of the sea is offered in Swinburne's "Return":

I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea,
I will go down to her, I and no other,
Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me.

If the traditional poets are here with well-known poems, Longfellow, Poe, Whittier, Holmes, Hemans, Arnold, Byron, Wordsworth, Cunningham, and Campbell, there are plenty of poets resurrected from the oblivion of a century or more, and a fair sprinkling of the moderns. One satisfactory discovery is that contemporary poets compare favorably with earlier bards of the brine. Masefield almost belongs to the past with "Sea Fever," but Sarojini Naidu, the Hindu poet who is no stranger in America, offers the spirited "Coromandel Fishers"; Henry Nehemiah Dodge gives us the rollicking song of the Newfoundland Banks in "Thrustararorum"; William Rose Benét's "Whale" is full of Biblical eloquence. This reviewer heard the late F. R. Higgins bellow "The Ballad of O'Bruadir" a few years ago when he came to America as a director of the Abbey Players, and is delighted to find it in this collection. Among other moderns well represented are Daniel Henderson, Frances Frost, Robert Hillyer, E. J. Pratt of Canada, and Genevieve Taggard.



To be a good anthologist implies rigorous self-discipline, indefatigable effort, and a genuine spirit of enterprise. Mr. Williamson has accepted the drudgery of his task, and has done an imaginative and praiseworthy job in "The Eternal Sea." The drawings by Gordon Grant lend a salt flavor but they seem a bit large in reproduction for the pocket-size of the volume.

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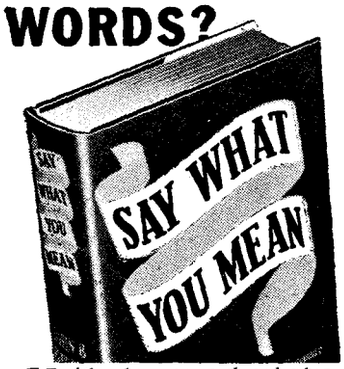

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AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

As you are doubtless aware, not only from reading this column, but from general browsing through newspapers and magazines, the radio industry is currently the object of considerable recrimination for the low quality of its programming. The tenor of the complaints against radio indicates that the listeners are considering it guilty before it is proved guilty.

Further study, though, discloses this interesting fact—the more vociferous the criticism of radio, the less specific it becomes. Less commercialism, better commercials, more waltzes, less waltzes, more educational programs, funnier programs, more programs for garden lovers, bans on beer advertising, more forums on public affairs—there appear to be as many ways to cure radio's ills as there are ways to cure a cold.

Consequently the network practitioners tend to take very little heed of the ordinary critical speech, report, or magazine article. And rightly so, for the complaints cancel each other out, the suggested remedies are usually impractical, and the admonitions are too often of the Orphan Annie school—"The Goblins'll get you if you don't watch out."

But there is one discontent that can be taken completely seriously. Educators, parents, police, and civic authorities are doing more than merely mutter about the low estate of children's programs. They are casting about for some concrete action to be taken.

The most direct action that has so far been suggested is, unhappily, on the negative side, and concerns only one facet of the situation, though probably the most serious aspect. In several large cities, recently, police officials have suggested that the almost complete focussing of young people's programs on murder, mayhem, violence, and crime, in such shows as "Superman," "Dick Tracy," "Captain Midnight," "Tom Mix," etc., is contributing more than a little to the problems of juvenile delinquency. The villains of the pieces, although recipients, in the end, of the standard come-uppance, in the meanwhile have demonstrated to listeners all the latest developments in the arts of treachery, venality, and crime. The program proprietors make haste to state that the burden of these stories is "Crime Does Not Pay," but their method is about as illogical an approach to the problem as would be the use of "The Hindu Art of Love" for the textbook in a Boy Scout lecture on morals.

I do not propose to argue with or against either disputant in this matter. Only a trained criminologist or psychologist can provide an answer. The conclusion to be drawn, however, is that if a community can be persuaded that certain programs actually impede the preservation of law and order, it has power for action in its own hands in such means as civic ordinances. What radio people and advertisers overlook is the ease with which zealous citizens in hinterland cities could pass ordinances, and what a flood of restrictions just one ordinance would generate throughout the entire country.

But beyond the arguments concerning the actual suppressibility of certain programs, there is the matter of common sense. The standard children's show, to be heard between four-thirty and six, five afternoons a week, is a blood-and-thunder melodrama. The four major networks list twelve of them. There are, of course, a few sporadic good experts on week ends, such as "Juvenile Jury" and "Quiz Kids," but the main stress of the youngsters' programs is upon mayhem.

It is a scene out of a musical comedy, this battle of wits between advertisers and children. In one corner are gathered the generals of industry, Men of Distinction every one of them. Facing them is a tatterdemalion army of moppets, innocent, happy, carefree, clutching their pennies in their grimy little hands, and wanting only to be entertained.

But unfortunately, they are not entertained for their money.

And that statement is no mere generalization or speculation *from a rule book*. Let's listen to what the children, themselves, have to say:

Station WQXR in New York, owned by *The New York Times*, broadcasts, on Saturday mornings, a thirty-minute program called "*The New York Times* Youth Forum." This program is conducted by Miss Dorothy Gordon, a woman of rare accomplishment in the difficult field of entertaining children and working with them. Each week she brings to the microphone

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six youngsters out of the public, private, and parochial school systems in New York City. These children, boys and girls, range from ten to fourteen, and are simple, ordinary, average small citizens. They are not chosen on the basis of IQ, wisdom, or wit. They are simply representative youngsters. The program is a round-table discussion by these young people of events which concern them.

On the Saturday before Christmas the topic "What Is Radio's Influence on Youth?" was the subject of argument. The interesting discoveries were (1) with the exception of the youngest participant, the children simply didn't care for blood-and-thunder shows, and, (2) they definitely liked certain programs that are normally thought to be "adult" programs, and only wished such programs could be broadcast at times more suitable to them.

But here are the children:

Question: Do you think radio influences youth?

Jane Di Stasi, age 12: "Yes I do. I think it has a very great influence on youth. I think that was shown in Europe when Hitler used his radio to turn his youth against us. I think we all listen to the radio and get very many ideas from it."

Question: Do you think radio programs for children, in general, are bad?

Edward Raffaele, age 13: "Most of these programs, murder, give the perfect crime, and some people that are a little weak in the mind grasp it and then try and do what other criminals have done."

And further on, discussing the same thesis, Edward elaborated:

"If you've got murder on your brain it's fun to listen to these programs, but you might grow up to be a juvenile delinquent."

Constance Chalfin, age 14: "I wouldn't say that they are bad, altogether bad. They have programs like 'Exploring the Unknown' and you probably get more information from that than from reading a book."

Mark Epstein, age 11: "I don't listen to the radio too much any more because the commercials have gotten so thick they've gotten me disgusted, so I only listen when I've got nothing else to do."

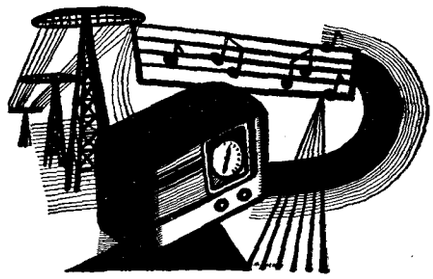
Further examination of what young Master Epstein meant when he voiced an opinion shared by many older and more experienced, though not particularly wiser, listeners brought this: "They have so many commercials during a program that after a while they get to be nerve-racking."

Question: What are your favorite programs?

Constance Chalfin: " 'Exploring the Unknown.' "

Mark Epstein, still 11: " 'Maisie,' 'Exploring the Unknown,' 'The Cavalcade of America.' "

Ellen Miles, age 10: " 'Dick Tracy,'



'Terry and the Pirates,' 'Sky King,' 'Jack Armstrong,' 'Tennessee Jed.' They all come one right after the other, and they don't affect me in my sleep."

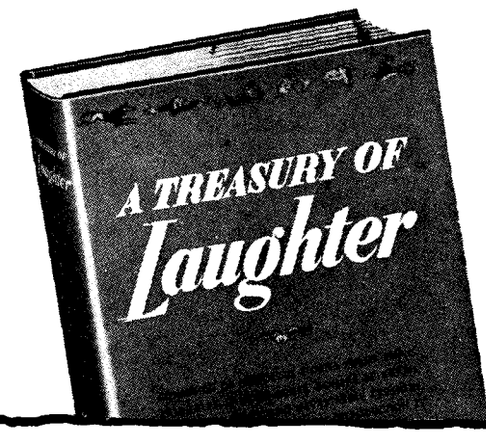
Miss Miles, the advertising fraternity should give you a shiny, new dime. You gave them, in that remark, a defense against the multitude of critics who say that radio is failing in its responsibilities. American radio is in fine shape. It doesn't give the children nightmares.

In the final analysis, then, going to the children themselves for the answer, it appears that radio, as usual, is guilty of omission rather than commission. The programs they give our children are not specifically bad, except for people who are "weak in the mind," and besides that they don't actually make a person neurotic. But they're not what the children want.

It goes back to the fundamental fallacy that many advertisers entertain. They forget that children are human beings. In the adult field, radio provides variety. There are comedy programs for adults who like comedy. Music, news, information, serious drama, sermons, lectures, and so forth, a full-rounded menu. But they bulk all children under one heading, and look no further into the situation. Melodrama serials are the simplest of all programs to prepare. They require no imagination, but only an inventive mind. There's no need to attempt a better program, because there's no competition. Kids can listen to what's on, or else.

Now these radio and advertising experts will tell you, over a cocktail, that the mental age of listeners is twelve. They say it with resignation, while they should say it with glowing pride. If that statement is actually true, and they have charts and graphs purporting to prove it, the American listener has managed to creep up to that mental age in spite of radio's attempt to keep him at the mental age of seven or eight. It is a testimony to the ingenuity and self-reliance of our young people that they manage to have any mental age at all after exposure to children's radio programs. I don't think these programs will actually make our children grow up to be juvenile delinquents, except when they have, as Edward Raffaele put it, "murder on the brain." However, there is every possibility that they will grow up to be magazine readers, which will hit radio advertisers where it hurts.

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.



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The Tragedy of Old Age

THERE WERE NO WINDOWS. By Norah Hoult. New York: Didier. 1947. 212 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

IT TAKES a courageous and a gifted writer to conceive of a novel centered in the dismal theme of old age and the spectacle of loss of memory, wandering wits, and senile rages that inflict those wretched human beings whose bodies have endured too long. We like to think of the approach of death as a tragedy which should have some semblance of heroism, some fragment of dignity, so that we can believe in the transference of the undamaged soul into eternity. It is natural to turn with abhorrence from the human wreck enduring what in sheer pity we have labeled "second childhood." Certainly, Claire Temple, an aged woman living her last days in an old Kensington mansion with two sullen and bedeviled servants in attendance has nothing heroic or childlike left in her. She is only a woman who had once been beautiful and witty, a talented novelist whose husband and lover were long dead, whose friends were now limited to an old doctor and one or two women whose compassion gave them the courage to visit her.

In spite of the repellent nature of her study Norah Hoult with skilful artistry has created a novel that is both tragic and at times humorous in an eerie way. The unhappy woman's mind is a wild scramble of the past and the present so that the German bombers overhead become the futile Zeppelins of the first World War and her stream of conversation has an unendurably timeless quality in which the dead take the place of the living and a vision of yesterday blurs the reality of today. Her misadventures in moving about her house, in an ill-advised visit to a local pub, the foolish battles with her sturdy, angry Irish cook, her washerwoman, with Miss Jones, her elderly companion, create a kind of saga in which an obdurate mind struggles for coherence and life. That Claire Temple had always been a difficult and a slightly malicious woman is obvious. Old age added virulence to her tongue. She became suspicious and mean; calling the police because she thought that her servants were trying to rob her or poison her. In a sense the last months of her life were the most spectacular. She had become a wounded animal fighting her way along the edge of a cliff in a dense fog. Her inner mind was pierced by a constant ray of light, the fear that she was going mad and that she would be taken away to an asylum. In the end after an exhausting burst of violence her doctor mercifully drugs her, and she slowly sinks from the tranquil memories of childhood into the embrace of death.

Norah Hoult's earlier novels have contained some of the most realistic and at the same time poetic writing that have come out of Ireland. "There Were No Windows" enhances her reputation as a novelist. For those who have the courage to read it, it is one of today's most brilliant novels.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THURSDAY'S BLADE *Frederick C. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.)	Three N. Y. throat-slittings, induced by earlier *crime passionel*, solved at 11th hour by sociology prof. Cy Hatch no mean deducer.	Swift and deadly action; interesting people—especially pugnacious radio commentatress and erring hubby; hard-to-guess solution . . and fairly foggy motive.	Hor:ip-ilant—and how!
THE FIFTH KEY *Geo. Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Doped drink puts newspaper photog. - sleuth Murdock on spot as chief suspect in N. Y. apt. strangling of mercenary radio-scriptess.	Much-mauled Murdock plays chancy, rocket-paced, and bluntly chronicled game with killer and cops until forces join in bang finish.	Few so good
IT MIGHT LEAD ANYWHERE *E. R. Punshon* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Baffling mixture of religion, hoarded gold, and murder in placid English town keep Acting Chief Constable Bobby Owen scampering 'round countryside.	Some sinister characters —male and female; adroit detecting with unexpected climax; odd bits of humor, and entertainingly insular outlook on life.	Best British brand

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
RUSSIAN OPERATIC ARIAS. Alexander Kipnis; Anna Laskaya, Ilya Tamarin; Victor Orch. Berezowsky. Victor M 1073 (3) $3.85	Big, resonant recording, better balance between orch. and solo than in recent Pinza Mozart album. But voice not quite as natural.	A	Another bass-aria album, this a follow-up of Boris Godounoff album of 1945. Interesting selection. Seldom-heard Russian music, minor but characteristic, done in authentic Russian manner. Highly recommended.
PIANO MUSIC OF RUSSIAN MASTERS. Shura Cherkassky. Vox 165 (4 10") $4.75	Vox piano recording is out in front. Close-to effect, but plenty of depth. Surfaces now improved.	A	Goes well with above. I have nothing but praise for the developing Vox piano program, each album with a sensible "point" or focus, played by qualified pianist. Cherkassky is obviously sympathetic, brilliant, warm.
GRIEG, 'CELLO SONATA A MINOR. Garbousova; Artur Balsam. Concert Hall AD (3 *pl.*) $7 First Recording. (*Unlimited ed.*)	Concert Hall's piano somewhat tinkly in upper registers, slightly lacking in bass; but still most realistic. Good balance, plenty of "fidelity."	AA to A— (*Plastic*)	Another good minor work: big, concerto-style music, related to A minor piano concerto. Playing is big, to suit music. Much good stuff, but developments weak, noisy.
STRAVINSKY, EBONY CONCERTO. Woody Herman Orch., Stravinsky. Columbia 7479-M (1) $1	"Popular" style recording, ultra realistic, somewhat coarse; high level. Fine "edge" to saxes, muted trumpets.	A—	A gruff, good humored little work—pure Stravinsky, no jazz compromise; but much humorous play on jazz improvising. Grows with rehearing. Good blatty noises!
MILHAUD, LE BAL MARTINIQUAIS. Robert & Gaby Casadesus (2 pianos). Columbia 71831-D (1) $1	This 2-piano recording seems better than Columbia's one-piano work. Full and brilliant.	A	Milhaud in his inimitable and sassy 2-piano vein. Wisps of folk song, skilfully harmonized, interwoven. Superbly played. (*cf.* "*Scaramouche*," V-12726)
MOZART, SYMPHONY #26, K. 184. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. Victor 11-9363 (1) $1	Big, sonorous, resonant recording, typically BSO. Beginning of 2nd side is defective in my copy.	A to A—	A notable Mozart item, with fine Koussevitzky-BSO string playing. More like Italian style overture; 3 connected short movements. Slow exceptional.
AMERICAN SONGS. Traubel; male chorus, orch. cond. O'Connell. Columbia M 639 (4) $4.85	Fine, unctuous balance between solo, chorus, orchestra.	A— crackly	On 2nd thought, this is legitimate work; If Helen T. can sing Home Sweet Home, etc., well, then why not. She does. Tasteful arrangements.
MOZART, MINUETS, K 176. Vox Chamber Orch. Edv. Fendler. Vox 166 (3 10") $3.75	Good balance—but why does this lack highs, sound "narrow" compared with hi-fi album of same group?	B+	Another good addition by Vox to recorded Mozart. Hack work, but by a master, and it shows, decidedly.

THICK AND FAST

FOR a year after the war's end it seemed as though each day a new record company was born; the economic situation favored an unprecedented splurge into the recording business, in spite of shortages. But that was almost entirely in the popular field; only now has the splurge really begun in the slower moving classical department—and it is now that the big outfits have reached their pre-war abundance of new recordings. This column, looking for all that's new, is falling behind. Hence this unaccustomed brevity!

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Canby will discuss the Scott Dynamic Noise Suppressor (not yet publicly available) in next week's column.*

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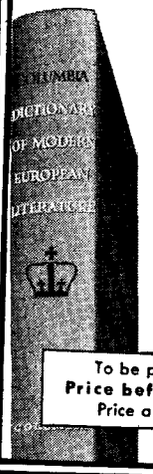

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THE COMING REVOLUTION

(Continued from page 8)

have secured Federal aid. The support given by the Federal government to the public schools, the land-grant colleges, vocational education, facilities of the WPA, and, more recently, education for the demobilized soldier has shown that fear of Federal control is without a basis in actual experience.

The least we should ask for is the re-establishment of the Division of Adult Education in the United States Office of Education. At the moment, statistics in adult education are only guesswork with no effective clearing-house for information about existing facilities. And we should also support the Division of Labor Standards' attempts to further workers' education and the bill to set up an education extension division analogous to that of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Another practical step would be to make a special effort to utilize the new methods and lesson material which were developed by job training under the Training-Within-Industry plans and by the armed forces in their training work and in tackling illiteracy among the recruits. The work done by ABCA in Britain and by the American Army Information and Education Division would give us some good leads.

Turning from these immediate suggestions to the first field of operation, adult education should place more emphasis upon what might be called civic and political education. Too often politics is discussed only at election time in an atmosphere of hysteria more appropriate to the prize ring. Some of the vilest racial obsessions and fears from which we suffer are exploited to the full. Rumor and vituperation flourish. Buttons are worn in lapels and sides are taken without any educational attempt to get facts out of which opinions should grow. The Presidential contest often obscures the equally important job of electing good men and women for responsibilities at lower levels in Congress, in our state legislatures, and in city councils. Such attempts as the Institute of Government at the University of North Carolina and the School of Public Administration in N. Y. U. to help both government officials and the citizens whom they serve to understand the ABC of modern government are few and far between.

Adult education too often still remains content when it has assisted in naturalization and in what is vaguely called culture and helped to fill in the gaps for adults who did not complete high school. The work already done in civics in our high schools and in the public evening schools should be extended to cover all adults so that they can learn their responsibilities as citizens. We might start more

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Julius Caesar," by Shakespeare. March 15, 44 B.C.
2. "Bruce to His Men at Bannockburn," by Robert Burns. June 24, 1314.
3. "The Pied Piper," by Robert Browning. July 22, 1376.
4. "Arnold Von Winkleried," by James Montgomery. July 9, 1386.
5. "Columbus," by Joaquin Miller. October 12, 1492.
6. "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer," by John Keats. September 26, 1513 (Balboa's discovery of the Pacific).
7. "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," by Felicia Hemans. November 19, 1620.
8. "The Battle of Blenheim," by Robert Southey. August 13, 1704.
9. "Paul Revere's Ride," by Longfellow. April 18, 1775.
10. "Casabianca," by Felicia Hemans. August 1, 1798 (Battle of the Nile).
11. "Incident of the French Camp," by Robert Browning. April 23, 1809.
12. "The Star Spangled Banner," by Francis Scott Key. September 14, 1814 (Bombardment of Ft. McHenry).
13. "The Eve of Waterloo," by Byron. June 18, 1815.
14. "Marco Bozzaris," by Fitz-Greene Halleck. April 20, 1823.
15. "The Charge of the Light Brigade," by Tennyson. October 25, 1852 (Balaclava).
16. "The Deacon's Masterpiece," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. November 1, 1855.
17. "Barbara Frietchie," by John Greenleaf Whittier. September 13, 1862.
18. "The High Tide at Gettysburg," by Will Henry Thompson. July 3, 1863.
19. "Sheridan's Ride," by Thomas Buchanan Read. October 19, 1864.
20. "O Captain! My Captain!" by Walt Whitman. April 15, 1865 (Death of Lincoln).

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projects under such titles as "How Our City Is Governed" or "Our Responsibility and Place in the United States." Would it be utopian to suggest an educational test not only for first voters but for our would-be representatives?

Adult education should help our citizens to understand how the various city and state departments function, how schools, parks, hospitals, police and fire departments, transport services, housing schemes, and libraries are maintained. Too often citizens are ignorant of the existence of these services, let alone how to benefit from them. Then, too, knowledge of how property and individuals are assessed for taxes and how taxes are spent should be imparted.

BUT delving deeper than administrative details, adult education should provoke discussion of the relation of the individual to the state and of the history and philosophy of that relation. The government has asked men and women to face death. What can it do to help men and women to face life in modern industry? Is our wartime experience a bumpy detour from which we shall soon get back on to the paved road of "free enterprise"? What does that elusive term mean in these days of big business and huge corporations? Are *private* enterprise and *public* enterprise opponents? Too often we have regarded the state as something outside our control instead of recognizing it as the means whereby we do together what we cannot do as individuals. Should we not envisage more collective enterprises such as the TVA? If adult education helps us consciously develop the necessary social planning and the unavoidable social controls with no undermining of the Bill of Rights, its contribution to social progress will be immeasurable.

Education in the responsibilities of political democracy would prove an effective insurance against mass hysteria, race riots, unsocial behavior such as hoarding, exploitation of ignorance by demagogues advocating dangerous panaceas and stirring up racial hatreds and prejudices.

In the second field of international relations, adult education should tackle the job of understanding our changing world. A glance at our geography books will show how much they have been outmoded by recent events. We learned geography in 1941-45 because our sons and daughters risked their lives in danger zones scattered widely over the earth. The major portion of mankind in the Orient is on the march, and we face a world in which the white race, in a two-billion total population, has become the minority. It is foolish to talk about world cooperation and world citizenship unless we have the facts about the location and activity of the common people of the world. Nations and races will be grouped together in new patterns. We need new outlooks to face the changing circumstances. Adult education cannot escape this responsibility and its tremendous opportunity in this field. It must be active in UNESCO.

As indispensable as knowledge about political democracy is training for industrial democracy. Just as the institutions of higher learning are awakening to the need for education and training in industrial and labor relations, so adult education can assist in helping the community to understand the new status of labor unions and to help re-educate the public mind about the facts of industrial life. A program of forums, panel discussions, and courses might well be arranged in each city in which representatives of business and labor would discuss their respective roles and examine the possibilities of union-management cooperation. The Ware Report ("Labor Education in Universities," American Labor Education Service, 1946) covers some sixty institutions which are trying to do work in industrial relations, including a four-year academic course at Cornell and trade-union fellowships for one year at Harvard.

The majority of our fellow-citizens do not see that adult education can give color, adventure, and zest to life; that it would pay dividends as an investment in community welfare. Adult education would help us to overcome the difficulties arising from our conflicting cultural patterns and to face the problems of our age—to crush totalitarianism and keep liberty holding on high her torch "beside the golden door." And that entrance to opportunity must now lead to the five continents and the seven seas.

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the Phoenix Nest

PLEDGE

TELL this blood
that pours across the sky
and arranges itself in the form
of a sun;

tell this blood
that dries in the sand though bluebirds
sing to it, and breezes feel for it,
and poets run with a little cup;

that not only will we use
the bluebird song and the breeze,
and every new splendor still to be
born,

but also the stuff
of dawn-loving people everywhere,
of their vigilance, of their faith,

to build as its monument
a union against the silence of night,
pouring across the sky
a dawn forever;

that its monument will be higher than
mountain,
stronger than rock; now, before it
dries,
tell this blood.

AARON KRAMER.

* * *

Jesse Merritt, the county historian of Nassau County, Long Island, tells me that Marjorie Bowen wrote a splendid biography of Cobbett [What did she not write about! I have books of hers on Holland and William of Orange, her novel on John Dee who was Queen Elizabeth's naval adviser and a "skryer in the shewstone," her novel about the Massacre at Glencoe, "The Master of Stair," and others. In fact, I am a rabid Marjorie Bowen collector!] The bibliography of Cobbett, says Mr. Merritt, includes his "English Grammar," "The American Gardener," and his "State Trials"—a paradox here, because of his frequent encounters with the laws of libel. "But best of all, reflecting on the bones of Tom Paine, she [Miss Bowen] tells how they were once used for a levy by the sheriff after going to the British Isles."

However, nobody has yet quoted, Chesterton on Cobbett, the Chesterton who wrote of men of passion:

Is there not pardon for the brave
And broad release above,
Who lost their heads for liberty
Or lost their hearts for love?
Or is the wise man wise indeed
Whom larger thoughts keep whole?
Who sees life equal like a chart,
Made strong to play the saner part,
And keep his head and keep his heart,
And only lose his soul.

He didn't write that about Cobbett—but he might have! What he did write about the gallant Peter Porcupine was this, in "The Old Song," when Chesterton saw a vision of Liberty, upon the Embankment, in stormy weather:

I saw great Cobbett riding,
The horseman of the shires;
And his face was red with judgment
And a light of Luddite fires:
And south to Sussex and the sea the
lights leapt up for liberty,
The trumpet of the yeomanry, the
hammer of the squires;
For bars of iron rust away, rust away,
rust away,
Rend before the hammer and the
horseman riding in,
Crying that all men at the last, and
at the worst and at the last,
Have found the place where England
ends and England can begin . . .

and in the next and final verse he speaks of Cobbett again as:

A trailing meteor on the Downs he
rides above the rotting towns,
The Horseman of Apocalypse, the
Rider of the Shires . . .

Mr. Merritt says "us clamdiggers" are interested in Cobbett because of his residence on Long Island, and the appearance of the address "Hyde Park, L. I." on several of Cobbett's introductions.

* * *

Malcolm M. Ferguson of Sanbornville, New Hampshire, writes me *in re* Lovecraft and "the Necronomicon listings":

> The interesting idea of having a supposedly hypothetical book powerful for evil is not original with Lovecraft, as he was the first to point out. I think the volume's ancestry is something on this order:—Chambers's "The King in Yellow," which has its portentous volume, and also a character named Mr. Wilde, not unnatural since Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Gray" is done in by a book. What book? Probably the same one that corrupted the monk in Pater's "Apollo in Picardy," for Wilde was a friend, pupil and appropriator of Pater. Pater was the strongest advocate of Dorian at its appearance, however.
>
> Are there any other ruinous books outstanding we can *sic* the Watch & Ward on?

* * *

And thus Earle Walbridge:

The letter from Kenneth Porter on duplicated book titles in the Dec. 21 Nest was most interesting; so is the fact that ten miles from Sterling, Kansas, where Dr. Porter received his bachelor's degree, Coronado is believed to have ended his search for the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola. (Elementary, my dear Phoenix: "Directory of American Scholars" plus the WPA "Guide to Kansas.") But Dr. Porter's mention of "R. N. Stephens" is so casual that I wonder whether he missed reading all the books by Robert Neilson Stephens (1867-1906) in his youth. Not I! The "Dictionary of American Biography" neglected Stephens; so (inexplicably) did the "Oxford Companion to American Literature"; but he's in Vincent Starrett's "Buried Caesars," and that admirable poet Stanley Kunitz, co-editor with Howard Haycraft of "Twentieth Century Authors," allowed me to write him up for the latter work.

You, certainly, will remember "An Enemy to the King," with Henry of Navarre ("The Bright Face of Danger," mentioned by Dr. Porter, was a sequel to that); "A Gentleman Player," introducing Shakespeare in person; "Captain Ravenshaw," illustrated by Howard Pyle and other artists; and "The Road to Paris" (which I expect to see Bob Hope traversing any day). They were the best type of cloak-and-sword romance, and Stephens was just as good with the American historical scene. My especial favorite was "The Continental Dragoon" (1898), dramatized for William Faversham as "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner." That high-spirited Tory damsel—not the last of her kind to be found in Westchester County—carried on in no less a house than Philipse Manor, now an historic show place in Yonkers. (There are five portraits of Washington in the house, three with brown eyes and two with blue eyes.) I was never able to ascertain definitely where Stephens died. One source said Boston, another England, where he spent much of his later life. His physical appearance, besides his name, was curiously like R.L.S.'s.

* * *

And Owen Cameron of Whitmore, Calif., informs me:

> In the December 21 issue Kenneth Porter writes that Humphrey Cobb's "Paths of Glory" had almost the same title as a book by Edward Frankland. Last year, rebuilding my burned library, I sent away for "Paths of Glory," by Cobb. That's what I got: "Paths of Glory," by Irvin S. Cobb. For a while I thought my memory was failing!

* * *

Don't fall out of any windows!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(Continued on page 34)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 672

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

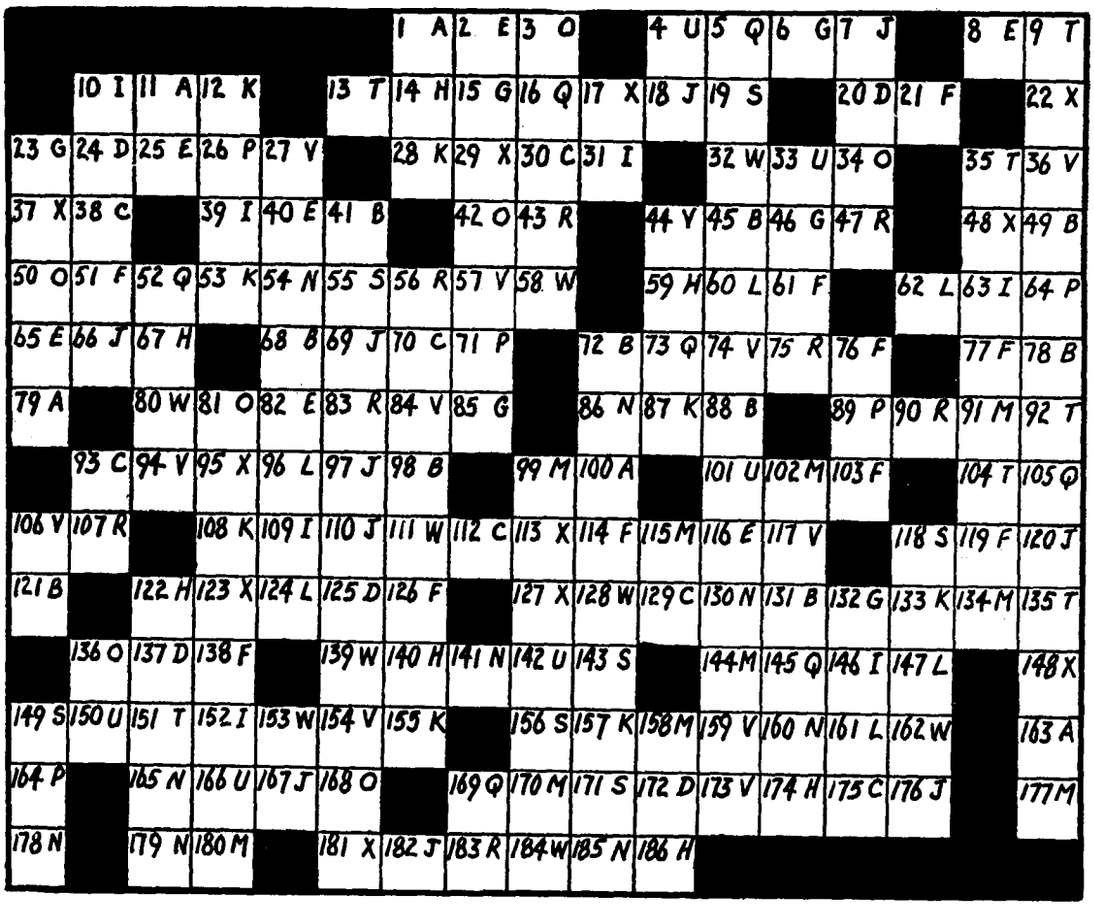
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Last name (see Word O) of American woman writer ("Young Mr. Disraeli," N. Y., 1937).	1 11 163 100 79
B. A pioneer.	88 131 68 41 49 45 78 72 98 121
C. American historian (1823-93).	93 70 112 38 175 30 129
D. Baubo (Gr. Relig.).	20 137 24 172 125
E. A raid or foray (Anglo-Ind.).	116 2 40 25 65 8 82
F. Costly porcelain manufactured at a national factory in France (2 wds.).	21 126 119 61 76 138 103 77 51 114
G. Character in "Twelfth Night."	15 132 85 23 46 6
H. A sudden inundation.	59 14 67 186 140 174 122
I. American woman poet associated with the Isles of Shoals (1835-94).	10 39 146 109 31 63 152
J. Strait made famous by Leander and Lord Byron (Angl. name).	69 120 97 66 18 176 110 182 167 7
K. Abstruse; confined to a select group.	12 155 87 28 108 157 133 53
L. A candle snuffer.	147 60 96 62 161 124

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. To make sensitive; to soften.	99 115 144 134 91 102 170 177 180 158
N. Writer or singer of a polyphonic choral composition on a sacred text.	165 141 54 185 86 130 179 178 160
O. First name of author in Word A.	3 81 42 34 168 50 136
P. A salmon about two years old, when it first descends to the sea.	164 89 64 26 71
Q. Character in "The Mikado" (Comp.).	169 105 5 73 16 52 145
R. Tree in Shropshire in which Chas. II hid in flight after Battle of Worcester.	75 43 47 90 183 56 83 107
S. Fifteenth letter of the Greek alphabet.	171 19 55 156 149 118 143
T. To cause to become a Romany.	151 92 13 135 104 9 35
U. Character in "Ivanhoe."	4 150 142 33 101 166
V. Given in charity or alms.	117 173 74 94 44 36 154 27 57 159 106 84
W. Volume of poems by Kipling (With "The"; 1896).	162 128 184 153 32 139 111 80 58
X. Attainments in science or literature, formerly in classical literature.	22 127 123 95 17 48 37 181 29 113 148

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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